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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

BY THE EDITOR:

SOME UNAPPRECIATED QUALITIES AND ACHIEVMENTS OF JOHN MILTON.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

BY CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER CLARK, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA:

"BACK TO THE CONSTITUTION."

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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By THOS. E. WATSON

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A Sonnet by John Milton.

(On the massacre in Piedmont, of the Protestants, by the Roman Catholics.)

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones ;
Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Some Unappreciated Qualities and Achievments of John Milton.

TO the common run of people, Milton's name suggests "Paradise Lost", and nothing more. Canonized among the English poets, he ranks next to Shakespeare, and people are satisfied to let the verdict stand, without any personal investigation.

As to "Paradise Lost", it is a most extraordinary thing, that the only interesting person in the Epic, is Lucifer. Of course the reason is, that he alone among the leading characters comes within the range of human sympathies.

When old Lord Thurlow—retired from Parliament, the Chancellorship, and from active life—was being read to by his secretary, and had listened awhile to "Paradise Lost," he spoke up, and said of Lucifer—"He's a fine fellow; I hope he'll win."

Shakespeare *was* his Plays, and he was nothing more. Outside his dramatic works, he was commonplace.

Tradition, rather than authority, says he fled from Stratford to escape local entanglements; that in London he did lowly work at first, but managed thriftily, and because one that "had leases." Revamping old dramas, writing new ones, acting upon the stage, lending money at interest, he accumulated a modest competence, which he took with him to his birthplace, on his retirement from London, apparently giving no thought to his literary works, none to his fame, and none to his posterity. Tradition says that he died, much as Robert Burns did, from over-fondness for strong drink.

Did Shakespeare have any *convictions?* Did he have any *principles?* Did he care a button about government, laws, institutions, and the general condition of mankind? Was he monarchist, or leveller? Protestant, or Catholic? Christian, or atheist? Was there any idea or ideal, purpose or cause, for which he would have given one shilling of his money, or one drop of his blood?

We do not know. He talked in all characters, appropriately to all; and whether Shakespeare, *the Man*, ever talked, no one can tell.

Shakespeare was a writer of plays: he was not—so far as we will ever probably ascertain—anything whatever except that; and because of this limitation, he differs even more widely and discreditably from Milton, than Geothe does from Voltaire.

Shakespeare and Goethe were mere intellects, resplendent as the Czarina's ice-palace, and as cold. No human being was ever caught up and enthused to a lofty ambition and sublime deeds by any spiritual impulse, inspired by those two intellects.

While they lived, they moulded no opinions, demolished no shams, broke no fetters, opened no prison doors.

Supremely selfish and supremely adaptive, they accepted things as they were. They fought no battle for the under-dog, sounded no clarion of defi-

ance to oppressive authority, sang no song of hope to the yokels bowed down in servitude, unfurled no banner over halted, impatient humanity to the cry of *Forward March!*

Just two colossal Intellects, almost disembodied, dehumanized, unsympathetic: all for Art, and nothing for Man; all for mind, and nothing for the soul—such were Shakespeare and Goethe.

The Cordelias and the Lears, the Desdemonas and the Othellos, the Macbeths and the Richards—creations of the mind—may have filled their creator with emotion: almost certainly they did; but there isn't a particle of evidence that Shakespeare himself was an affectionate lover to any woman, a loyal friend to any man, a fond parent of any child, nor the stout denouncer of any wrong.

Likewise, Goethe created his Werners, his Wilhelm Meisters, his Hermanns and his Gretchens, doubtless interested in them profoundly as the children of his brain; but he threw off the actual women who loved him most, steered his whole life by the rules of intelligent selfishness, contracted no beautiful friendships, remained icily indifferent to the suffering of his country, and died at last in a discordant household, where his own son seemed to have never been loved into reciprocal devotion.

Two vast intellects, Goethe and Shakespeare; and there isn't a man or a woman in this world who thrills *humanly* to the mention of their names, as *all* men and *all* women humanly do, at the names of Robert Burns, and Charles Dickens.

It cannot be said that Milton and Voltaire are popular *in America;* but the reason for their not being so is self-evident. The churchmen damned Voltaire as an atheist, and thus prevented his works from being read. Only the independent few know what a fighter of frauds, shams, and tyrannies that marvelous Frenchman was. Only the few know that he detested whatever was cruel and wrong in Church and State, and that he kept up an almost single-handed combat against them, throughout a long career. Hated, feared, slandered, and persecuted, his life was not safe in his own country, and he did the greater part of his best work, in banishment. When at the last, he could safely return to Paris, the city rose to meet him; and the flowers with which they stifled the old hero, were not so much on account of his Epic and his Dramas, as they were a tribute to the soldierly fighter who had so long fought for human liberation.

The case of Milton rests on a different footing: his fame as a poet has overshadowed him as patriot, reformer, and bold thinker who was a century ahead of his age—a Christian who fought for the Roger Bacon idea, long, long before the Baptists founded religious freedom in Rhode Island.

(Of course, William of Orange—"The Silent"—had established it in Holland before the time of Bacon.)

There are more than 6,000,000 Baptists in the United States, but it is to be questioned whether a dozen of them know that the John Milton of "Paradise Lost," was one of the English Baptists, when the sect was small and weak.

There are perhaps 60,000,000 free-thinking Americans who believe that *marriage* is nature's best arrangement for the perpetuation of the race and morals; and that *divorce* is the logical solution of the problem, when both parties to the marriage fully realize that they cannot consummate its purpose—either from physical or from mental impediment.

But how many of the 60,000,000 know, that John Milton was the pioneer advocate of that kind of divorce, the herald of freedom to men and to women who find themselves bound to a body of death, *in a fatally mistaken marriage?*

The whole population of our Republic is even now agitated on the subject of Freedom of the Press, some trying to undermine it, and some trying to maintain it.

How many of the combatants on either side know, that *it was John Milton's masterly treatise on unlicensed*

printing which led the way to freedom of the press?

Everybody who has made studies in that direction, is familiar with the peculiar principles of the English Revolution of 1688, of the French Revolution of 1789, of the American Revolution of 1776.

How few of us have been aware of Milton's previous explorations in those uncharted seas? and that his blindness came upon him from overwork, while he was writing his immortal defense of a people who had rebelled against a King, brought that tyrant to the block, set up their own government, and thus given the modern world its first triumph over hereditary masters, inherited servitudes, *and vested infamies!*

Sublime as a poet, John Milton was superlatively great as a prose writer; and he was heroically brave, true, and steadfast, *as a lover of Man and of Liberty.*

"Johnson's Lives of the Poets," was once a standard authority, as his dictionary once was; but the latter is now prized as a mere curious antique, and the former is saturated with the Doctor's prelatical and Tory prejudices. His biographical sketch of Milton is not only imperfect, but malignant. The surly old churchman and king's man who wrote "Taxation no tyranny," against the American Colonies, and who said that our forefathers were a lot of savages that ought to be grateful to the King of England if he spared their lives, was constitutionally incompetent to write a fair biography of such a *democrat* as John Milton.

Dr. Johnson even sneers at and rejects the anecdote which is so thoroughly in keeping with Milton's character as a man of unbending principle, viz. the story that when Charles II. offered to restore his office of Latin Secretary, and his third wife wished him to accept it, Milton replied:

"You, like other women, wish to ride in your coach; my wish is to live and die an honest man."

Let me briefly touch upon some of the incidents of Milton's life, and then upon his labors as a reforming thinker and writer.

He was born in London, December 9, 1608, of an old English family of the gentry, and at a very tender age developed an insatiable appetite for learning. At fifteen he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he spent seven years, obtaining his degree of Master of Arts in 1632. While at the university he had begun to practise original composition, and upon leaving school devoted himself, more and more, to classic studies and "polite literature."

In 1638 he went to France, and thence to Italy in which he lingered more than a year. He spent much time in Rome where he attracted the threatening enmity of the Jesuits.

In his treatise in favor of unlicensed printing, he afterwards wrote of this visit to the Pope's city:

"There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, *grown old a prisoner to the Inquisition*, for thinking *in astronomy* otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

This passage is particularly interesting to Americans at this time, because the Vatican's American editors are denying that *the Popes* ever had an Inquisition, and are also scouting the statement that the Infallible Church undertook to correct Galileo on a proposition in astronomy.

Returning to London in 1640, bringing a treasure in the shape of rare books collected on his travels, Milton opened a private school in which he taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Almost immediately, he plunged into the controversy of the day—which was "religious", and therefore peculiarly acrid—attacking Episcopacy, whether Episcopal, Presbyterian, Puritan, or Catholic.

Like all original thinkers, Milton flouted the authority of mere *names*, no matter how high and ancient. Thus he says, in effect, that the Fathers of the early church are not to be considered as despots of modern opinion. He more than intimates that he feels a

contempt for these Fathers, whose knowledge was limited and unsound, whose principles were weak, and whose reputations rest upon large numbers of big, endless, immeasurable books.

He puts the battering ram to the system of tithing, contending that ministers of the Gospel should be supported by free-will offerings.

Says he:

"The present ecclesiastical revenues were not at first the effect of just policy and wholesome laws, but of the superstitious devotion of princes and great men who knew no better; of the base importunity of begging friars, *haunting and harassing deathbeds* of men departing this life, in a blind and wretched condition of hope to merit heaven, for the building of churches, cloisters, and convents; *the black revenues of purgatory*, the price of abused and murdered souls, the damned simony of Trentals, and the hire of indulgences to commit mortal sin."

So enraged were the Bishops by Milton's assaults upon their mercenary system, that a clergyman instigated personal violence, in these savage terms:

"You that *love Christ*, and know this miscreant wretch, *stone him to death*, lest you smart for his impunity."

(Gracious are the amenities of religious controversy, where the vested interests of any hierarchy are assailed!)

The blows of Milton were so tremendous, and the trend of the times so favored him, that, in 1641, the Bishops were excluded from Parliament; and; in 1643, the two houses—Commons and Lords—signed "the Solemn League and Covenant," which bound England and Scotland to the *extirpation of popery and prelacy*."

(Hume's History, Vol. VII.)

It was at this period that the Baptists of England organized themselves into a Church, *separating* from the Lollards and Sacramentarians, in September 1633.

Milton had been harassed by the prelates, threatened with prosecution, and *suppression*. His victory over Episcopacy inspired him to begin a campaign for complete freedom of the press. His opening broadside was the *Areopagitica*, which ought even now be reprinted in pamphlet form and sown with the sack. Had he given his masterly arguments and pleadings an English name, instead of a jaw-breaking Latin one, its usefulness to mankind might have been enormously increased.

It is to be doubted whether there is a nobler composition in the language: certainly it is more statesmanly, libertarian, broadly *important*, and *PERMANENTLY TRUE*, than anything Bolingbroke, Dean Swift, or Edmund Burke ever wrote.

In his much-praised pamphlet against the French Revolution, Burke was defending hereditary abuses and the English oligarchy: in his Letter to a Noble Lord, there is lofty *personalism*, seen at its best when defending *itself*.

Bolingbroke and Swift wrote for and against the factions of the times, with an eye to personal preferment or personal revenge.

John Milton's "speech in favor of unlicensed printing," addresses itself to all nations and to all ages; to all lovers of literature, all lovers of liberty, all lovers of unshackled thought, all lovers of free debate.

That immortal undelivered "speech" yet speaks, more sonorously and convincingly to whosoever will listen, than all the sermons of prelates and all the proclamations of kings and popes, during that 17th century.

Other issues will disappear: *this will not*: even now the fight is on again; and Rome, true to her hateful system of laws, is bending her energies to throttle free speech and free press in this Republic.

We don't know very much what Swift and Bolingbroke wrote *their* powerful prose for or against: those fires are banked, burnt out.

We know, but don't care what Burke wrote *his* tropical and magnificent prose about: *those* questions, too, are

settled, and settled *against* the brilliant renegade who deserted Fox and Sheridan, to take service in the paid ranks of a Tory king.

But Milton's defense of free printing, and of the right of the People to depose tyrannical rulers and change the form of government—these belong to the Ages and to Humanity.

His crowning victory, the complete freedom of the press came in 1694, twenty years after Milton's death; but the triumph was as truly his as was that of the soldiers of Sweden, won after their commander, Gustavus Adolphus had fallen in the battle.

The space at my disposal now will not admit of my following Milton through his work under Oliver Cromwell, his domestic troubles, his celebrated controversy with Salmasius, his composition of "Paradise Lost", and his declining years.

His tranquil death occurred in November, 1674. He had lived 66 years; and seldom indeed has any man left a golden harvest, so large and so rich.

Sands

John Joseph Scott

I watched them dig the sand from mother earth—
  Stirred by the winds the grains moved everywhere—
Like frightened beasts, which forage from their birth,
  They scurried wildly, settling here and there.
For everything existing knows great changes—
  Nature, alas, is inconsiderate—
Time's passage, in this world, has many ranges
  That mark the channel to the Golden Gate.

And, so are humans like the grains of sand—
  Moved by the tides of life, they "cross the bar"—
The rich and poor, forth from their native land,
  Must course the West, beyond the farthest star—
And, like the sands, wind-driven from their places,
  And soon forgotten on this whirling sphere,
They drift along the way which fortune traces,
  While snickering Time finds pleasure in a sneer.

Back to the Constitution.

Chelf Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina.

LAW was long ago defined as "A rule of action prescribed by the *supreme power* in the State, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." Which is the body in this country which has the last supreme word in legislation? Under our form of government we have an Executive, a Legislative and a Judicial Department. The theory in the law schools is that each of these is separate and distinct, and that neither can interfere with the other. Laying aside preconceived opinions and deceptive forms of expression, what is the real government which we have?

The Legislative is understood to be the lawmaking body, as its name imports. If so, it should be the supreme power here as in England. In what way does the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the States place any restrictions upon that body? According to the Federal Constitution, and that of nearly all the States, there is only one restriction, another department can place upon the law-making body, and that is that the Executive can interpose his veto upon any legislation which does not seem good to him, but the Constitutional Convention did not see fit to make this an absolute veto. For that would have placed the supreme power in the Executive. The Executive was not given the last word, but it was provided that by a certain vote, which is two-thirds in the Federal Constitution, and varies in the different States, the veto can be overruled by the law-making body, if it adheres to its views. This is in accordance with the theory of our Government, which is, that the law-making body is one of restrictions, that is, that it represents the people and has all power that is not denied it by the organic law. Whereas, the Executive and Judicial are grants of power and have no authority except that conferred by the Constitution. This is the statement made by Black Cons., Law Section 100, and sums up correctly the analysis of our State and Federal Constitutions, as they are written. In the Federal Government, which is not an original sovereignty, but the creation, after the Revolution, of the States, the authority of the Federal law-making body is also a grant of power, for it has, or correctly should have, no powers except those expressly conferred or necessarily inferred from those that are given.

Now, as to the Executive (both State and Federal), its only powers are those which are expressly given or derived by necessary inference from those that are conferred. The only authority given this department to interfere with the others in any way is the veto already mentioned, and that is not absolute, but subject to be overruled by a legislative vote. In four States—Rhode Island, North Carolina, West Virginia and Ohio—the Governor was even denied any veto power, though in some of these in later years it has been conferred.

As to the Judicial Department, the power of the Executive over it was in the appointment of the Judges. This at first was very general, but now the number of States has been reduced to seven in which they are appointed by the Governor, with the consent of the Senate. The control of the Judiciary Department by the Legislative was more complete in that in those States where the Governor appoints, the Senate branch can affirm or reject his nomination, and in all of them the Legislative Department has supervision of the conduct of the Judges and can remove them by impeachment. In three of them—Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island—the Legislature, as in England, can remove the Judges without trial, by a majority vote.

It may be mentioned here that the common idea that the Judges in England hold absolutely and for life is a mistake. Up to the Revolution of 1688 they held at the pleasure of the King, who could remove any Judge at any time without a trial. Since 1688 the Judges in England, as in the three American States above named, hold at the pleasure of the Legislative Department, which can remove them, as the King formerly did, at will, and without trial.

This being the status of the other two departments of the Government as expressed by the organic law, what is the place contemplated for the Judiciary Department, taking the Constitutions as they are written? There was given to the Judicial Department no authority whatever over the other two departments of the Government. There was not conferred on it, as upon the Executive, any veto over the action of either of the other two departments, not even the suspensive veto conferred on the Executive. Its members were originally appointed in all the States by the Executive, save in those in which such appointment was subject to confirmation by the Legislative Department and a few States in which the Judges were elected by the Legislature. It was thus the creature of one or the other, or of both the other departments jointly, and the members of the Judiciary were made removable, as already said, by the Legislative Department, and in three of them they still hold at the pleasure of the Legislature. In the Federal Government all the Judges of the Circuit and District Courts hold subject to the right of Congress to legislate them out of office at any moment. In 1802, sixteen Circuit Judges were thus legislated out of existence by Congress and at sundry times since District Courts have, in like manner, been abolished. As to the Federal Supreme Court, it holds its appellate jurisdiction "with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress shall make." Cons., Art. III., Sec. 2, clause 2. Indeed, as to the Reconstruction Act, Congress enacted that the Court could issue no writ to construe the validity of such statutes, and the Court issued none. The Judicial Department, therefore, is the creature of the Legislative Department, which from time to time can increase or diminish the number of the Judges inferior to the Supreme Court. The number of Judges on the Federal Supreme Court is not fixed by the Constitution but by Congress, which from time to time has increased or diminished the number when it thought the public interest demanded; for instance, when it was thought desirable to change the ruling of the Court as to the Legal Tender Act.

The Court being the creature of the Legislature and subject to it for the extent of its jurisdiction and for its existence—to a large degree—whence comes it that the Court has been exercising the supreme power in our Government, i. e., the last word in legislation?

There is certainly no express authority for "Judicial Supremacy" of the "Judicial Veto" by which that department assumes the irreviewable and therefore the absolute supremacy over the other two departments. There is not a line in the Constitution of any State or in the Federal Constitution to authorize it. If there was, it would only be necessary to point to the words and end all debate. There would be no necessity for sophistical argument and we would be saved the absurd spectacle of attempting to support the authority of the Court upon the fact that some other Court, at some other time, had made the same assertion. The former assertion is as groundless as one made now, unless the authority can be found in the Constitution.

It would be very strange indeed if any Constitutional Convention had conferred the last and ultimate power of sovereignty upon a majority of a Board of appointive Judges, an authority which was denied to the Legislature by the suspensive veto given the Executive; and when it had denied an absolute veto to the Executive. Yet the Judiciary, the creature of the other two departments until in more recent years

(in a majority of the States, but not yet in the Federal Government) the Judges have had the dignity conferred upon them of a direct mandate from the people by election at the ballot box. It may be noted also that this change from an appointive to an elected Judiciary was brought about as a check upon the irreviewable and irresponsible power assumed by the Courts of setting aside the action of the Legislative approved by the Executive Department.

It would consume too much space to discuss the assumption of this power by the State Courts, as it has been more flagrant in some States than in others. Latterly there has been a further curb sought to be imposed upon the assertion of this supreme power in the Courts by the adoption of the "Recall of the Judges," in the State Constitution in eight States. Those who, like the writer, do not think the "Recall of the Judges" advisable, may well consider the fact that a free people will not willingly consent that the action of their duly elected Representatives empowered to make their laws, and of their duly elected Executive, shall be brushed aside by a bare majority of a board of lawyers without any authority conferred in the Constitution.

Have the Courts assumed this irreviewable power and asserted for a majority of the Court an infallibility which they have denied to the minority of the Court, and to the other two departments of the Government?

Taking the Federal Court as an example, a few instances will make reply. Not long after the Federal Supreme Court was created—and it will be remembered that it was created and its jurisdiction fixed by an Act of Congress, the Judiciary Act of 1789, and not by the Constitution—that Court haled a sovereign State before it and passed sentence in Chisolm vs. Georgia. Immediately the people took the alarm, and the Eleventh Amendment was passed to prevent the repetition of the sight of a sovereign State being brought into Court at the suit of a private individual. It was fortunate that this was done, for otherwise the docket would have been crowded, since, with actions by the American Tobacco Company, the Standard Oil Company and railroad company after railroad company bringing into Court the States whose legislation was not acceptable to those great aggregations of wealth.

The next assumption of power was in Marbury vs. Madison. John Marshall was Secretary of State. In January, 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice and qualified as such and took his seat on the Bench January 30, 1801, still retaining, however, his position as Secretary of State. President John Adams having been defeated for re-election at midnight on March 3, John Marshall, as Secretary of State, was signing and sealing Commissions when, as Parton tells us, as the clock struck the hour of 12, Levi Lincoln, with President Jefferson's watch in hand, forbade Secretary of State and Chief Justice Marshall to deliver the Commissions then upon the table already signed. Among them was one to Marbury as Justice of the Peace of the District of Columbia.

Soon thereafter there was brought before the Supreme Court, of which Marshall was still Chief Justice, a proceeding to compel Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, to deliver to Marbury the Commission which Marshall himself had signed while occupying the double position of Secretary of State and Chief Justice.

Instead of declining to sit in judgment upon his own act, Marshall, as Chief Justice, wrote a long decision in which he asserted that the Courts had the power to set aside an Act of Congress, but wound up finally with dismissing the proceeding upon the ground that the Court had no jurisdiction to issue mandamus, as the Act of Congress had not conferred such power. Thus in an *obiter dictum* this vast and irreviewable power which places in a majority of the Supreme Court the ultimate sovereignty of the nation became a precedent. It was known that if the Court had directed the writ to issue, Mr. Jefferson would not have obeyed it. By announcing the doctrine and re-

fraining from any exercise of authority under it, the powerlessness of the Court was veiled while its assertion of supremacy was distinctly made. Later when Chief Justice Marshall, in another case, did assert the power to issue a writ of ejectment in derogation of a statute of Georgia, Andrew Jackson pithily said "John Marshall has made his decision, has he? Now let us see him execute it." It was never executed and has remained as so much blank paper. The evil from the assertion of the doctrine of ultimate supremacy of the Courts has, however, abided with us.

It was not again asserted as against any Act of Congress, however, for 54 years, and then in the Dred Scott case. The criticism of that decision by Abraham was sharp and shrewd. That decision, probably more than anything else, made the great Civil War inevitable, and brought in its train the enactment of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

We cannot overlook the fact that the Court in reaching out for more power held in 1842 that a Corporation was a citizen of the State which had created it. Up to that time the Court had uniformly held that a Corporation was not a citizen within the meaning of the "diverse citizenship" clause of the Constitution. The result of this "change of front" was that Corporations have brought their cases in the Federal Courts, in overwhelming numbers before life tenure, appointive Judges, most of whom have been trained in the employment of Corporations. As the President of one great railroad company said when he defied a State statute, regulating its rates, "The Federal Courts are the haven and the home of Corporations."

Later on, we had another spectacle. The Legislature elected by the people of New York, in the discharge of the police powers resident in every State government, passed an Act restricting the hours of labor of bakers subjected to excessive heat in their trade. The highest Court in New York promptly held that the people of the State could thus protect the health and the lives of its laborers. The case was carried into the Supreme Court of the United States and there by a vote of five infallible Judges against four fallible Judges the powers of the State were set aside and it was held that the great State of New York could not thus protect the lives and health of its laborers, because it would interfere with the "liberty of contract." The reason given was worse even than the usurpation of authority. It was an insult to the intelligence of the public, for everybody knew that these bakers were not seeking to vindicate the liberty of contract, but were asking to be protected in their lives and health. The decision of the Court was in truth based upon unwillingness to curb the power of the employer over the employee.

Further back we were treated to the spectacle of the "Dartmouth College case" of the Court holding that the charter of a Corporation was not a privilege but a contract, and therefore irrevocable, with the sequence that if a corrupt Legislature could be induced to grant a charter no subsequent honest Legislature could revoke it. There would be no place left for the people to control their own government. To meet this condition the people of the several States promptly made amendments to their Constitution by which it was provided that charters of all Corporations granted thereafter should be subject to change, modification or repeal at the will of the Legislature. It was thus that the people were forced to regain their control over their creatures by nullifying the decision of the Courts.

For 100 years the Court had held an Income Tax constitutional. By this means, indispensable aid had been given to the party of the Union in carrying on the Civil War. But those who were called upon to pay the Income Tax, the multimillionaires and great Corporations, again presented a case calling in question the validity of the action of Congress. The Court following the precedents from the foundation of the Government, but only by a bare majority, again affirmed the power of

Congress. Soon thereafter one of the majority Judges, having received possibly a wireless intimation of the views of the 39 men who signed the Constitution at Philadelphia in 1787, let it be known that he had experienced a change of heart. A petition for rehearing was granted and then by another vote of five infallible Judges against four fallible Judges (with a change of personnel, however) the Act of Congress was held unconstitutional, though it had been passed by an almost unanimous vote in both Houses of Congress and had been approved by the President.

The result of this astounding change was that more than $100,000,000 of taxes, annually, were transferred from those best able to pay them and upon whom Congress, with the approval of the President, had placed them, and were placed upon the toiling masses who were already overtaxed. The people of the Union would not stand for this and again a Constitution amendment was passed and finally adopted. But in the meantime it is estimated that more than $2,000,000,000 were levied upon the producers of the country to the exemption of the great Corporations and of the multimillionaires upon whom Congress in the discharge of its duties and powers had seen fit to lay it.

Other instances of this abuse of irresponsible power by the Courts could be cited, in the Federal Supreme Court and many in the State Courts. But it should go without saying that irresponsible and irreviewable power is always tyranny. Even if its effects are not always as evil as in the cases thus cited, it is intolerable because it is in contradiction of the will of the people upon whom we boast that our Government rests: "All power proceeds from the people and should be exercised for their good only."

Not only such power was not given to the Judiciary in any Constitutions, State or Federal, but in the Convention at Philadelphia there was an attempt to put it in the Constitution. It was voted down, though the clause was brought forward by James Madison, afterwards President of the United States, and by James Wilson, afterwards a member of the United States Supreme Court. That Convention sat with closed doors, with its members sworn not to communicate any of its proceedings to their constituents, and a vote to destroy its journal was prevented only by a bare majority. That Journal was not made public for 49 years, and we now know from it that this proposition that the Judges should pass upon the constitutionality of Acts of Congress was defeated four times, i. e., first on June 4, 1787, receiving the vote of only two states. It was renewed no less than 3 times, i. e. on June 6, July 21 and finally for the 4th time on August 15th, and at no time did it receive the votes of more than three states. On this last occasion (August 15th) Mr. Mercer thus summed up the thought of the Convention: "He disapproved of the doctrine that the judges as expositors of the Constitution, should have authority to declare a law void. He thought laws ought to be well and cautiously made and then to be incontrovertible."

The doctrine that the Courts can set aside an Act of the Legislature has never obtained in England, which has no written Constitution, nor in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Austria, Norway and Sweden or in any other country that has a written Constitution. Its assertion in this country has not therefore even the "Tryant's plea of necessity." The rest of the world has gotten along very well without it.

The Courts have attempted only once in England to assert a right to set aside an Act of Parliament and then Chief Justice Tressilian was hanged and his associates exiled to France and subsequent Courts have not relied upon it as a precedent.

Of course there have been expressions at times in the Courts of England criticising Acts of Parliament, generally with great modesty but some times saying that they were not valid, but this never extended beyond an expression of disapproval for no Court in

England since Tressilians's day has refused to obey an Act of Parliament.

Prior to the American Revolution the Acts of our Colonies were sent home to England where they were allowed or disallowed by the Privy Council, for in this way the mother country held its control over the Colonies. After the acknowledgement of the Independence of the thirteen Colonies, and before our Federal Convention met at Philadelphia, the Courts of four states, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia and North Carolina—had assumed to themselves the power formerly exercised by the Privy Council in England. This met immediate and strong disapproval, and in Rhode Island the judges were "dropped." These decisions were well known to the members of the Convention at Philadelphia. Mr. Madison and Mr. Wilson favored the new doctrine of the "paramount judiciary" as a safe check upon legislation, for government by the people was new and the property holders were fearful of the excesses of an unrestricted Congress.

The attempt was to get the Judicial veto into the Federal Constitution in its least objectionable shape, by submitting the Acts of Congress to the Court before the final passages of an Act, but even this failed, for though four times presented by these two very able and influential members—this suggestion of a "Judicial Veto" at no time received the votes of more than one fourth of the states. There can be no doubt that if such power had been inserted, the Constitution would never have been ratified by the several states.

It is true that the Constitution does prescribe that the Constitution of the United States and the Acts passed under the authority thereof, shall be supreme over the State Constitutions and laws. This is necessary in any Federal government. This does not, however, confer upon the Supreme Court the power to set aside Acts of Congress, like the Income Tax and other statutes, not involving the boundary line between State and Federal Jurisdiction. The very fact that this provision was put into the Federal Constitution shows that the Convention did not intend to confer upon the Court the unlimited power claimed later under "Marbury vs. Madison". Aware of this defect, the Court since the War has sought to found its jurisdiction to nullify Congressional action upon the 14th Amendment. It has been well said that that Amendment which was intended for the protection of the negro has failed entirely in that purpose, but has become a very tower of strength to the great aggregations of wealth. Not only no force can be justly given to the construction placed by the Court upon the XIV Amendment, from the knowledge of the history of its adoption, but the words used can not fairly be interpreted as they have been. "Due process of law", means the orderly proceeding of the Courts and the "equal protection of the laws" was never intended to give to the Federal Courts irreviewable supremacy over Congress and the President.

It is not too much to say that the ingenious reasoning in Marbury vs. Madison and the construction placed upon the XIV Amendment have had the same origin in the desire of the Court as a shield between them and the action of Congress and the Legislatures when they have not succeeded in defeating legislation by fair means or foul.

But as a last resort, it is urged must not Congress and the Legislatures obey the Constitution? Most certainly. The members take an oath to do so, and there is as much patriotism and considering the larger size of legislative bodies, a greater aggregate intelligence in them than in the Courts. But it does not follow that if a Legislature, or Congress, misconceives, or violates the Constitution that the Court has the power to nullify their action. The only supervising control of the legislative given by the Constitution, is the veto of the Executive, not of the Court, and that Executive veto is only suspensive. If the Legislature still insists, the supervising power is in the people in the

election of Senators and Representatives who will put a more correct construction on the Constitution.

It must be remembered that there is no line in the Constitution which gives the Courts, instead of the people, supervision over Congress or the legislature. There is no constitutional presumption that five judges will be infallible and that four will be fallible. If the Legislative and Executive departments of the government err the people can correct it. But when the courts err, as they frequently do, for instance, as in Chisolm vs. Georgia or in the Dartmouth College Case, or in the Income Tax Case—not to mention others, there is no remedy except by the long, slow process of a Constitutional Amendment or by a change in the personel of the Court, which is necessarily very slow when the Judges hold for life as they do in the Federal Courts.

No one has ever questioned the ability and integrity of Chief Justice Marshall. Like other men he saw the world from his own standpoint and from his environment and with the prepossessions of his day. He had small faith in the capacity of the people for self-government. He believed in a strong central government and distrusted the States. He believed that the function of government was the protection of property rights which he thought jeopardised by the rule of the people who were mostly without property. At that time the experiment of popular government was untried and the people were uneducated. Moreover he was a strong man, rugged and earnest, and like most strong men he annexed all the jurisdiction he could lay hands upon. While his course upon the Bench was in many respects of inestimable good, in such decisions as Marbury vs. Madison, the Dartmought College case, and others he went beyond the necessities of the occasion and certainly beyond, far beyond, the authority conferred on the courts by the Constitution. Smaller men nave extended his doctrines to their logical conclusion in more recent cases which have alarmed the public conscience and a restoration of the urisdiction of the Court to its true limits is a necessity. As that jurisdiction has been defined in more recent cases, all legislation now depends for its validity not upon the will of the people as expressed through Congress and State Legislatures but upon the economic views of five lawyers to whom "Due process of law" and "equal protection of the laws" mean simply what they believe is for the real good of the people. In their hands the power of the Courts over legislation is neither more nor less than an irreviewable veto upon any expression of the public will that does not meet their approval.

Let us go "back to the Constitution" as it is written. Let Congress and the Legislatures legislate; subject to the only restriction conferred by the Constitution—the suspensive veto of the executive—and with further supervision in the people alone, who can be trusted with their own government—else republican form of government is a failure.

Under our plan of government the people alone are sovereign. Judges, Governors, Presidents, Members of Legislatures and Members of Congress are all alike servants of the people. No place is given in any Constitution to either department to supervise the action of the others. The sole supervisional authority is in the people. It has nowhere been given to the courts.

The love of us lawyers for precedent, and a feeling of professional pride that five lawyers on the Supreme Court can say to the other departments of the Government, nay, to the people themselves, as has been asserted: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther", appeal to us. But this is the defiance of the servant to the master, the challenge of the creature to its creator.

There is no room in a Republican form of government for "Judicial Hedgemony."

Roman Catholic Attack on Freemasonry.

By Rev. W. L. Pickard, Now President of Mercer University.

WHAT I shall say in this study is of my own volition. No lodge has been asked to stand sponsor for it. As a citizen, Protestant, and Mason, these are my own views. In eleven discourses, I have tried to show the fundamental differences between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and to show the superiority of the former over the latter. As a Mason, I shall try to ward the blows which Roman Catholicism is striking at Freemasonry everywhere, but especially in the United States of America.

In the study of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism the comparison was between two systems of religion, both of which claim to be Christian. In that study the point was to show which of those systems adheres most closely to the teachings of Christ. In this study the ground of debate is different. The points at issue here are these: What does Masonry profess to be and do? What does Roman Catholicism profess to be and do? Which of the two has most faithfully lived up to its profession? And, finally, are the attacks of Roman Catholicism on Masonry justified by the tenets and practices of Masonry?

Freemasonry is based on Theistic Philosophy. Belief in God and the immortality of the soul is fundamental in Masonry. It is a brotherhood of men who believe in God and immortality, and who are truth-seekers practicing virtue in themselves, charity towards others, and who are exercising Faith and Hope in God. Were I to state Freemasonry creedally I would state it thus:

1. I believe in God.
2. I believe in the immortality of the soul.
3. I believe in Virtue, Faith, Hope and Charity.
4. I believe it is my duty to live as one who is responsible to God.
5. I believe it is my duty to live righteously toward all mankind, and especially toward brother Masons.

Here, then, is a Mason. He is a man who believes in the Supreme God; believes that before God he stands *free* by his birth to work out his destiny; is a seeker after *truth* and *righteousness;* is a believer in, and a candidate for immortality; a believer in human brotherhood; a practicer of virtue; one who exercises Faith and Hope in God; one who practices charity toward all, but especially those of his fraternity, and tries to subdue the animal nature that is within him until the Spiritual, Godlike, nature rules in and over his life.

Though Masonry has much that is religious in it, it is a Philosophy; therefore, it does not, by its very nature, try to get all men to become Masons. It is selective on the ground of brotherhood based on its principles. It, therefore, is neither inclusive nor exclusive of any special system of religion. This brotherhood has existed for ages. It has moved quietly on through the centuries, through empires, kingdoms, republics and democracies, living its great life, doing its noble duties, blessing the world, stretching forth its hands to help the needy and sending out its beneficent rays of light to bless the human race.

Roman Catholicism claims to be "the one and only true religion of Jesus Christ."

Were I to define Christianity, I would say:

1. It is to believe in Christ and His teachings as Divine authority.
2. It is to practice Christ's teachings *as He taught them.*

3. It is to practice Christ's teachings in the *spirit of Christ as our exemplar.*

Now, study Freemasonry in the light of what it professes, and has done, and Roman Catholicism in the light of what it professes, and has done, then see if its attack on *Freemasonry* comes in good grace.

Remember, Roman Catholicism not only claims to be the one and only *true religion of Jesus Christ, but it claims that its Pope is infallible—the vicegerent of Christ on earth. Therefore, its perfection and stainless beauty should shine forth without shadow or flaw.*

Masonry as a Philosophy *claims* only to be a *seeker after truth.*

Roman Catholicism claims to have all that there is up to date, and an *infallible head, the Pope*, who can touch the button and get whatever else the world needs to know, without the slightest possibility of error. All that Roman Catholicism has done to date, therefore, ought to look just like it were done by the beautiful Christ, or as nearly so as Saints in touch with the *infallible* could make it. At the least, *Roman Catholicism*, by its profession, ought to have the most *Christ-like history* of anything in the world.

Masonry says: I believe in God and Immortality. I am trying by the help of God so to live as to have a blissful immortality. Masons said this in Solomon's day, in Christ's day, and they say it now. They said it in ancient Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome and in far-off Asia and India. They say it in all these countries today. In the midst of all Philosophies and religions—Jewish, Pagan, Christian; in the midst of gross darkness and of growing light this faternity has kept the light of Hope shining by its *belief in God* and its practice of Virtue, Morality and Charity. It has taken the *light it could find in Nature, Philosophy, Science, and Revelation and kept it shining to light the path of Truth.* Its God is the *one God* of all. Its ritual is based on His one *greatest Book*. Its working tools and emblems are emblems and symbols of truth, virtue, morality and immortality. Its work is to build character—its deeds are planned to charity.

It rises like a great tree. The *trunk* is one—belief in God and immortality. Then the trunk sends up two great branches—God and Philosophy on one side, and God, Christ and Philosophy on the other. These two great arching branches meet and flower in the belief in and the hope of, immortality. So, it takes in the light of Nature, Philosophy, Science, God and Christ, and makes much of the *Holy Bible* from Genesis to Revelation. And in all, it has a deep Spiritual significance. I doubt not that Solomon was a profound student of the Craft in the writing of his Proverbs and the building of the Temple—for both throb with the wisdom of God for man. I doubt not that the Three Wise Men from the East had pondered deeply the Book and the Craft, for they were seeking the Master-Builder. Is it strange that He became a *carpenter*—a worker with tools? That ancient Bush of Fire not consumed not only set forth the majesty of God, but the indestructibility of man though tried by the fires of tribulation. God wrapped that bush with flames of glory and the bush was not consumed. The bush was on fire and God was in the bush. How often man is fire-wrapped, but God is with him in the fire and he is not consumed. Immortality is his goal. Masonry believing this philosophy and revelation has never anywhere, under any circumstances, wavered in its belief in God and Immortality.

Yet Roman Catholicism accuses it of being "Atheistic and a destroyer of belief in God."

Remember, Masonry is a philosophy, *not a system of religion*, yet it will not take into its Craft a man who dares not believe in God. It will *not* admit to its membership a man who *sells liquor;* one who is a drunkard; one who is *known* to be immoral; one who is known to be dishonest, or one who is known to be a *liar. Fix this in your minds.*

Look at the liquor-sellers in the Ro-

man Catholic church. Jesus seems to require men to become *born again*, regenerated, before coming into *His Church*. So he told Nicodemus. *Once in the Roman Catholic church, drunkards, liquor-sellers, harlot, or what, or what not, always there, unless one becomes disobedient to the laws of the hierarchy.* That, of course, is the business of that church. The question I raise is this: Looking at many things which that church sanctions in its members, does it become that church in good grace to say that Masonry is atheistic and a destroyer of morals? Remember, Masonry is a fraternity based on Philosophy, and the Roman Catholic church claims to be the one and only exact pattern of the faith and practice of Jesus Christ—*the perfect one.*

So far as religion is concerned, there is nothing in the Roman Catholic religion which would keep a Catholic from being a Mason. Yet, there have lived many Popes who, on the grounds of their wickedness and immorality, would not have been admitted into Masonry. I wonder if it is possible that, once upon a time, some Pope got blackballed on account of his bad character. Once upon a time there *may have been sour grapes behind the papal* anathema against Freemasonry. I do not say there were. I say there may have been.

Man for man, prelate, priest and laymen, can Roman Catholicism in this city, or anywhere, find a thousand men in its church, home by home, who will average of loftier morality than a thousand Masons, man for man, home by home? Yet that church claims to be Christ's own beautiful model with an infallible Pope to guarantee its perfect standards, and priests to absolve all sins—yet Masonry claims to be only a brotherhood, founded on Philosophy, seeking after truth. *Look at them closely.*

THE ATTACK.

In 1738 Pope Clement XII made a bitter attack on Freemasonry. This was followed by Benedict XIV., Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and then came the notable "Humanum Genus" by Pope Leo XIII., reaffirmed by the present Pope, Pius X., and following these papal denunciations, there are now many current attacks by Catholic officials and editors.

It is a striking historic fact that these bitter attacks came officially from Popedom as the idea of papal infallibility was ripening into a dogma of that church, and that the most notable attack was made by Leo XIII. after infallibility had been adopted as a dogma of that church. To put two and two together, the time came when the papacy claimed absolute authority over all its members, body, soul and conscience, and would not recognize any institution in the world but its own, nor tolerate any man in its own whose every thought and deed it could not control. The Pope having become Vicegerent of God on Earth must needs have all bow to him and to him alone. True, Christ said: "If ye love Me ye will keep My Commandments," but the Pope said: "If you dare differ from me, anathema." But since he was infallible, and holy, and the perfect and unerring mouthpiece of God and Christ on earth, why not?

Pope Leo XIII. denounced Freemasonry as "Established against *Law*, honesty, Christianity and Society," and forbade any and all Roman Catholics ever being Masons. He goes further and denounces "All other fraternal orders" outside of the Roman Catholic church. Because Freemasons would not give up their rights, as "free-born" men, to pursue Philosophy, learning, belief in God and Immortality, and principles of freedom, and take without question the papacy's dogmas of Philosophy, Theology, religion and fraternity, the Pope denounced Masons as "Atheists, enemies of religion, and followers of unrestrained human passions." (See Humanum Genus, by Leo XIII.)

Every Mason knows that no man can be admitted into Masonry unless he is a believer in God. Further, he knows

that Masonry is character-building by rejecting all evil, and using all righteous material. The principle of Masonry is that of following the highest known spiritual truth as against all the fleshy tendencies of man's nature. Pope Leo XIII. either did not know what he was talking about, or else stated what he knew was not true. But his philosophy is: "*The end justifies the means.*"

Following Leo XIII., Pius X., the present Pope, reaffirms the position of Leo XIII. on this. And following him, many prelates, priests and Roman Catholic editors, whose wills have been sunk into servile obedience to that of the papacy, have recently raged in their calumniations and vituperation of Freemasonry. If they had ever taken the trouble to look into this question, even a little, instead of blindly following the papal "Ipse Dixit," they could easily have saved themselves from membership in the Ananias Club. Their statements would sound ridiculous if they were not disclosures of such tragic ignorance.

A recent article in The New World, the official paper of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Chicago, states: "Masons are bound by oath to uphold one another, even though criminals; to uphold Masonry as more sacred than religion; to stifle their consciences to uphold their oath; that Masonry is above God; that a Mason must uphold Masonry though it cause him to be a traitor to his country; and finally, that Masons are Devil-worshippers — the Devil being their chief God."

There is not a Mason living who does not know that each of these statements is a libel on the Craft. Of course, Masons take an obligation to be true to one another, and the Craft. But they are not obligated to uphold any Mason in that which is wrong, and they are to be true to the Supreme God of the Universe, loyal to their country, and this obligation is not to interfere with any man's conscientious views as to his religious duty.

Ah, there is the mortal offense to Roman Catholicism. Masons believe in an *infinite infallible God* to whom they owe allegiance rather than to a man who has blasphemously assumed "*infallibility.*" Masons believe in *loyalty to conscience and country* rather than in *servile obedience to the papacy which would crush their consciences and overthrow their country by substituting therefor the dictates of a Pope.* Because Masons believe in *freedom of conscience, freedom of will, freedom of philosophy, freedom of investigation, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and freedom of citizenship. Popes and their minions anathematize Freemasonry.* This is the cause of all papal opposition.

Let me call your attention to a great principle in a Masonic obligation: *The penalty for its violation is to be visited upon himself, never upon anybody else.*

Take certain alleged Roman Catholic "oaths" for Cardinals, Bishops, Jesuits, and so on. These have been often published. In those "oaths" those who take them bind *themselves* to uphold the papacy, if necessary, by using the sword and visiting all manner of terrible punishments on all who oppose the papal system. The Mason obligates himself to suffer for the good of his brother, or for truth; the Catholic obligates himself to visit his wrath on the other man. The Mason's oath is one that sets himself aside to penalty; the Catholic oath is one of intolerance of and vengeance upon the other man. Here is a tremendous difference.

Whenever these Roman Catholic "oaths" are published, Roman Catholics always say: "They are lies." If a Jesuit priest becomes a convert from Roman Catholicism and tells of the oath by which he was once bound to do the bidding of the papacy, the Roman Catholic church always says: "*He lies.*"

I do not know any one or all of these alleged Roman Catholic "oaths" are lies or not. *But one thing I do know*, the Roman Catholic church in its fearful reign has burned, stabbed, shot, tortured, and in countless ways put to death tens of thousands of men, women

and children. In its history from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries it has actually done all the awful things that were ever threatened in the awful alleged Jesuitical oats. Oath, or no oath, it has created and terribly used *the most diabolical Inquisition this world has ever known.* The hellish fruit looks as though there were a Devil-tree somewhere.

To specify from indisputable Roman Catholic history. In 1157 A. D., the Council of Rheims ordered that heretics should be branded in the face.

In 1184, Pope Lucius III., in the Council of Verona, ordered all princes to enforce all laws against heretics under penalty of excommunication of all princes who refused to obey his mandate.

In 1197 A. D., Pedro II., of Aragon, by a law of the Church and State, ordered all "heretics to be burned."

In 1220 A. D., Frederick II. presented the outlawry of all heretics and the confiscation of their property, and in 1221 Pope Honorius III. sent his officers to enforce this law in all Italian cities where the people had rebelled against its tyranny.

In 1224, Frederick II. promulgated that heretics in Lombardy should be burned, or at least have their tongues torn out. This law was enforced by Pope Gregory IX., and his chief agent in enforcing it was Guala, the Dominican Bishop of Brescia.

In 1281 Frederick II. promulgated that heretics throughout his Empire should be burned, and many of the best saints of earth were burned to death.

In 1225, Pope Innocent V., ordered that all Temporal Rulers should have all heretics put to death within five days after they were adjudged heretics by the church.

In 1254, Pope Innocent IV. promulgated the bloody laws of Emperor Frederick II. And what were those laws? Here they are:

1. Anyone may seize a heretic and despoil his property.

2. Every magistrate shall oppoint an Inquisitorial Commission whose salaries are to be paid by the State.

3. No law may be passed to interfere with the Inquisition.

4. Heretics who will not confess shall be tortured.

5. The houses of heretics shall be demolished.

6. Confiscated property of heretics shall be thus divided: One-third to the Inquisitors and Bishops, one-third to the city, and one-third to those who aided in the arrest and conviction of heretics.

Under such laws who could escape? These terrible laws under papal dominion were promulgated from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, and were terribly enforced in Italy, France, Spain and other places till tens of thousands of men, women and children were put to death by all sorts of unspeakable cruelty and torture, and for no reason but that they did not believe in the Roman Catholic religion. This, too, by that church which claimed to be "*the one and only true Church of Jesus Christ*," Who said: "Peace be unto you. Love one another, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye also even unto them."

I ask: Can Roman Catholicism, or the world, point to anything in the long history of Freemasonry to match this Roman Catholic history in intolerance, cruelty, inhumanity and diabolism? And, mark you, Masonry claims to be only a *theistic philosophy*, while Roman Catholicism claims "*the one and only true religion of Jesus Christ*," *and the Pope an "infallible Vicegerent of God on the Earth*" to insure a knowledge of the prfect will of God and Christ. Now, does Freemasonry or Roman Catholicism measure the more nobly toward their respective claims? In the light of history, are not the anathemas of Roman Catholicism against Masonry like the pot of the pit calling the Angel of Paradise black?

Masonry is a theistic philosophy. In its work it is based largely on the Bible. Its "prayers" are devout prayers to God, and in one branch of it to Christ. The spirit and language of its prayers are the embodiment of devoutness.

They are reverent petitions to the Diety for guidance in all the duties of life, that by Divine wisdom and the illumination of God's spirit we may know and do the will of God on earth, and at last gain a blissful immortality.

Hear a Roman Catholic prayer: "Hail Mary! Blessed Virgin! Mother of God, full of grace and truth. Thy heart is full of mercy, and eager to relieve all our miseries, and to pardon all our offenses. All human suffering finds an echo in thy heart. In our morning offering we offer all through thy immaculate heart. Let Angels, Apostles, Prophets and martyrs kiss the hem of thy garment, and rejoice in the shadow of thy throne."

Here is another:

"O glorious St. Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, to you do we raise our hearts and hands to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the benign heart of Jesus all the help and graces necessary for spiritual and temporal welfare, especially the grace of a happy death and the special favor we now implore. O guardian of the word incarnate, we feel animated with confidence: your prayers in our behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. O glorious St. Joseph, *spouse of the Immaculate Virgin*, obtain for us pure, humble and charitable minds, and perfect resignation to the divine will. Be our guide and model through life, that we may merit to die as thou didst, in the arms of Jesus and Mary. Amen." (From "Our Sunday Visitor," Catholic Publishing Company, Huntington, Indiana, October 5, 1913.)

These are the words of Roman Catholics addressed in prayer to Mary and Joseph. If they are not prayers, what are they? If prayer is not an act of worship, what is it? If prayer as an act of worship to any but God is not violative of the Old Testament and the New in the Bible prohibition of idolatry, then that Great Book is not understandable.

Listen to God on Sinai: "*I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make into thee any graven image of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them.*"

Listen to Christ:

After this manner, therefore, pray ye: "*Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*"

Now, in the light of the prayers of Masonry to God and Christ alone, in the light of God's and Christ's prohibition of worship to any but God alone, and in the light of Roman Catholic prayers to *Mary, Joseph and hosts of so-called saints*, putting these on an equality with God as objects of worship, does it come in good grace from Catholic Popes and prelates to charge Masons with "Aetheism, irreligiousness, and Devil-worship?" I leave the answer to your minds and hearts.

Romanism further charges that "Freemasonry" is the work of the Atheistic Jews against Christianity." Think of this charge! The Jew has been the one great Monotheist of the world and of the ages since Abram left us of the Chaldees. The *Jew an Atheist?* Not till earth, and not till heaven pass away!

In the light of Roman Catholicism's cruel persecution of Jews so often in Europe, and that of the Greek Catholic Church upon them in Russia, can you blame the Jews for not loving Catholicism? If Catholics had represented the heart of Christ to the Jews through the centuries in Europe, instead of so terribly persecuting them, doubtless thousands of Jews would have been Christians long ago. My, what a terrible reputation persecuting Popes have given Christ! I have often wondered how the patient God and Christ could endure it!

Christian Masons are among the best Christian men. Masons who are not

Christians are thorough believers in God, and undoubtedly much finer types of character than they would be if they were neither Christians nor Masons. Masons all love the truth of the Supreme God—the God of the Bush of Fire and of Sinai—and hundreds of thousands of them devoutly love the Holy Christ.

The truth is:

Masons believe in a *free conscience, a free will, free worship of God, free speech, free citizenship, a free church in a free State, a free press, and in the public schools of our country.* All of these great things are contrary to the very principle of Papal Infallibility, therefore, Roman Catholicism hates Masonry. Here is the whole reason of Rome's attack on Freemasonry. Of course, if the Pope is "infallible" nobody else has a right to a different opinion. But Masons believe in *freedom before God and among men.* Hence, the inevitable and irrepressible conflict. *The papacy may never capitulate.* That is up to it. *Freemasonry will never capitulate till manhood itself has perished.*

Again, one of the most beautiful, God-like, Christ-like charities known to this world is that held to and practiced by Masons. Their hands, quietly, after the order of Christ's teachings as to unostentatiousness, are outstretched around the world to help their brothers, while at the same time they are among the most generous men in all the world to the needy of all spheres and conditions. In the light of the desire and policy of the papacy to control the purse-strings of the world, is this beautiful *charity of Masonry one of the special reasons for papal Anathema?*

In previous sermons which I have delivered in these series of "Fundamental Differences Between Protestantism and Catholicism" I have pointed out the awful results in different countries in which the Roman Catholic Church has had control, their failure to educate the masses, calling particular attention to Mexico and Spain. In a recent issue of the Savannah Morning News I noticed the following article, which I will now read, and which filled me with horror:

SPANISH JAILORS BRUTAL

Prisoners Nailed to Cross and Eyes Gouged Out.

Madrid, Feb. 10.—Infamous treatment just now is being meted out to the wretched inmates of Spanish jails. Many of the sufferers are only political offenders, men with advanced ideas, but according to a recent report of the prisoners' committee, this makes no differences to their punishment, or its horrors.

The director of a jail at Fugueras (Catalonia), a man named Milena, has had a subterranean dungeon built, in order to vent his hatred. This new cell is known as "the Siberia." The prisoner who is taken there is bound and beaten until he falls insensible. He is then put into another cell, apart from the others, until his wounds heal, and he is there made to fast until he is hungry enough to eat salt codfish, given him in order to make him feel the pangs of thirst.

Recently a prisoner was nailed to a cross; he died. Another had his eye gouged out; a third an arm broken. Still another had pieces of flesh torn off him. The cries of the victims were heard outside the fortress."

I am astonished that this piece of news ever got into the columns of a Savannah newspaper. It reads like the Inquisition right up to date, and it is a report of happenings right in Spain where the Roman Catholic Church has held sway for centuries. The whole civilized world stands appalled at this horrible outrage. But it is no worse than thousands of cruel things practiced on men, women and innocent children by the Church of Rome when they were in power.

WHOM ROME CANNOT USE WELL, IT MEANS TO CRUSH!

Roman Catholicism assumes to be "*the only true religion of Jesus Christ on Earth.*"

In its claims of infallibility it claims to know all that God has for this world to know. It, therefore, denies the right of any and all men to differ from its dogma or dissent from its mandates. It claims the absolute right to rule the world religiously and temporally. Whenever and wherever it has had the

power to enforce its dogmas, decrees and mandates it has persecuted even unto death those who refuse to do its bidding. It created and terribly used the terrible Inquisition. That power has been taken from it by the governments on earth, yet it keeps those horrible laws unabrogated on its statutes. For centuries martyrs' blood flowed at its cruel hands. It is, by its principles, intolerant of all government, all religion, and all institutions except its own. It hates the doctrine of *man's freedom.* It hates the idea that a *man is free to have his own idea of God, and how he should worship God.* It hates the idea of *a free church, a free State, free conscience, free religion, free citizenship, a free press, free schools by the State. Freemasonry, free anything*, except the papacy to which all men and human institutions should bow in servile obedience. Therefore its bitter, unjust and false attacks on Freemasonry — that brotherhood which has ever stood for God in His supremacy, man at his best, and *fredom as an imperishable birthright.*

Freemasonry—it is composed of men who believe in God, truth, virtue and immortality. Likewise, they believe *in freedom of mind, soul, conscience, body, religion and citizenship.* They are going forth to their tasks gauging their lives by their duty to God, country, family, neighbor, and themselves; to divest their minds, spirits and consciences of all vices; to square their lives by exalted morality; to raise their characters by the plumb of God's truth; to test themselves by the level of God's justice, till by all of this work, aided by the Supreme Architect, they hope to be finally cemented into that brotherhood where contention comes not ever, and agreement is perfect forever.

Meantime, we are living in the Twentieth Century, and in America—an age and a land of liberty. With gratitude to God for our birthright, and with prayers to Him that we may keep it, let us resolve as men, Masons and patriots that this land shall remain *free* till human rights shall be universally acknowledged and patriots shall fill the earth.

The words of the Master Builder:

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him to a wise man which built his house upon a rock: and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not: *for it was founded upon a rock.*

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand: and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: *and it fell, and great was the fall of it.*" Christ. Mt. 6: 24-27.

Aaron Burr's Last Speech.

(From the Washington Federalist.)

ON Saturday the 2nd March, Mr. Burr took leave of the Senate—this was done at a time when the doors were closed, the Senate being engaged in executive business, and of course when there were no spectators. It is however universally said to have been the most dignified, sublime and impressive that ever was uttered; and the effects which it produced justify those epithets. I will give you the best account I have been able to obtain from the relation of several Senators, as well federal as Republican.

"Mr. Burr began by saying that he intended to pass the day with them, but the increase of a slight disposition (sore throat) had determined him then to take his leave of them. He touched lightly on some of the rules and orders of the house, and recommended in one or two points alterations of which he briefly explained the reasons and principles.

"He then said he was sensible that he must at times, have wounded the feelings of individual members—here the record is torn and part of it is missing—That it could not be deemed arrogance in him to say that in his official conduct he had known no party, no cause, no friend. That if in the opinion of any the discipline which had been established approached to rigor, they would at least admit that it was uniform and indiscriminate.

"He further remarked that the ignorant and unthinking affected to treat as unnecessary and fastidious, a rigid attention to rules and decorum; but he thought nothing trivial which touched however remotely, the dignity of the body; and he appealed to their experience for the justice of his sentiments, and urged them in language the most impressive, and in a manner that was commanding, to avoid the smallest relaxation of the habits which he had endeavored to inculcate and establish.

"But he challenged their attention to considerations more momentous than any which regarded merely their personal honor and character: the preservation of the law, of liberty, and the Constitution—this house, said he, is a sanctuary and citidel of law, or order, of liberty—and it is here—it is here—in this exalted refuge—here, if anywhere will resistance be made to the storms of popular phrenzy and the silent arts of corruption:—and if the Constitution be destined ever to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the Demagogue, or the Usurper, which God avert, its expiring agonies will be witnessed on the floor.

"He then adverted to those afflicting sensations which attended a final seperation—a dissolution, perhaps forever of those associations which he hoped had been mutually satisfactory. He consoled himself, however, and then with the reflections that, though separated, they would be engaged in the common cause of disseminating principles of freedom and social order. He should always regard the proceedings of that body with interest and with solicitude—he should feel for their honor and the national honor so intimately connected with it—and took his leave with expressions of personal respect and with prayers and wishes, etc.

"In this cold relation a distant reader: especially one to whom Colonel Burr is not personally known, will be at a loss to discern the cause of those extraordinary emotions which were excited—the whole senate were in tears, and so unmanned, that it was half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to come to order and choose a Vice-President pro tem.

"At the President's on Monday two of the senators were relating these circumstances to a circle which had col-

lected around them—one said that he wished that the tradition might be preserved as one of the most extraordinary events he had ever witnessed—another senator being asked on the day following that on which Mr. Burr took his leave, how long he was speaking, after a moment's pause, said he could form no idea—it might have been an hour and it might have been but a moment. when he came to his senses he seemed to be awakened from a kind of trance.

"The characteristics of the Vice-President's manner, seemed to have been elevation and dignity—a consciousness of superiority, etc.—nothing of that whining adulation, those canting, hypocritical complaints of want of talents—assurances of his endeavors to please them—hopes of their favor, etc. On the contrary he told them explicitly, that he had determined to pursue a conduct which his judgment should approve, and which should secure the suffrage of his conscience; and that he had never considered who else might be pleased or displeased, although it was but justice on this occasion to thank them for their deference and respect to his official conduct:—the constant and uniform support he had received from every member for their prompt acquiescence in his decisions, and to remark to their honor, that they had never descended to a single mot * * * *sion or embarrassment."

(The remainder of this newspaper is torn. The date of the newspaper is March, 1805.)

The Outcome.

Ralph M. Thomson

What if this War, with all the sufferings
  Which are entailed by strife, should prove to be
  The greatest conflict known to history,
Since Christian men indulged in savage things!—
If, at its end, those who have borne the flings
  Of an anointed aristocracy,
  Should waken from their stupidness to see
That God gave no celestial rights to kings;—

Then, those who fight will not have fought in vain,
  And those who die will not have lost the prize
  Fate bade them win, in lofty ridicule;
For, from the ashes of the martyred slain—
  From ground their blood made holy—shall arise
Some new Republic, where the people rule!

Jean Calas

One of the Protestant Martyrs of France

(From "Judicial Crimes," by Edgar Sanderson, M. A.)

THE scene of the tragedy with which we deal was the ancient city of Toulouse, the capital of Languedoc, a city renowned of old for literature, wit, and learning, for independence of thought and boldness of utterance, notably in songs of causic and incisive tone. In ancient times this great municipality had its consuls, known as "capitouls." As the court of Visigothic kings, a centre of politics for Western Europe, the intermediary between the imperial eastern court and the Germanic kingdoms, Toulouse was a rival of Constantinople. The poets Martial and Ausonius describe her as "the city of Pallas", and St. Jerome styles her "the Rome of the Garonne." Southern France became in mediæval days a seat of opposition to the Catholic faith, a field of battle between orthodoxy and heresy. The old Graeco-Roman civilization had cast deep roots there. The people were not disposed to submit tamely to the priestly yoke, and sects of religionists with views of their own arose in succession in the region bounded by or containing the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees, extending from Lyon and Bordeaux to the Mediterranean.

The Albigensian heresy was the cause of much trouble in this part of France. About 1022 several "heretics" of that class were put to death, and with them began the long list of the unorthodox who perished at Toulouse, a list only closed, *after nearly seven centuries and a half*, in 1762, with the names of five victims. The last of these was Jean Calas. We pass over briefly to the various revolts against Rome which were organized in and near Toulouse. In 1163 the Council of Tours was greatly concerned with the "heretics of Toulouse." In 1181 a regular "crusade" was preached against them, Count Raymond the Sixth being one of their leaders. In 1208 Pope Innocent the Third proclaimed a second crusade against the Albigenses, and under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, father of our famous Earl of Leicester, a champion of English freedom, fire and sword were carried through the land. In 1216 Toulouse was besieged and set on fire by De Montfort and rescued by Raymond the Sixth. Again besieged, and for a time saved by the slaying of Simon under her walls, she became, some years later, the object of a third crusade, and was at last surrendered, in 1229, by Count Raymond the Seventh. The horrors of war, the ruin of the country, had left heresy as firmly rooted as ever in the minds of the people, and lent it a new strength of bitter indignation against the orthodoxy of Rome. The burgesses and their elected leaders, the capitouls, in spite of outward conformity, remained heretics at heart. Catholicism was, however, vigorously organized in this region for the offensive and defensive struggle against encroachments on the one true faith, with St. Dominic and his Order of Preaching Friars, the "Holy Office" of the Inquisition, and all the apparatus of persecution. In the contest which ensued, sometimes heretics were burnt alive, at other times inquisitors were driven out or assassinated. On one occasion two hundred Albigenses, taken captive in a castle, were burnt without trial. And so the warfare went on, with Catholicism growing ever stronger through royal support and the weakening of the old national spirit.

When the Reformation came to change the face of Europe, one of the

first Protestant martyrs of France was *Jean de Caturce, a lawyer, burnt alive at Toulouse.* During thirty years a great number of Huguenots perished there; but the reformed doctrines made progress against all the rage of the Parliament of Toulouse, of the clergy, and of a part of the people. The persecution was ended for a time by the edict which permitted the new worship, and some of the capitouls were favorable to Protestantism.

In 1562, ten years before the "Saint Bartholomew" massacre in Paris and the provinces, Toulouse had her own tragedy, an event occurring just two centuries before that which is the subject of this writing. Some Protestants were burying a woman, and some Catholics claimed her as a co-religionist, attacked the procession, and took possession of the body. A violent struggle arose. The tocsin was rung by a priest. The Catholic populace attacked the reformed party, who were much less numerous, and the great majority of the Parliament took a strong part against the weaker side. This body of high officials, clad in red robes, marched round the city, bidding the Catholics, in the King's name, to assail the reformers, and assigning them a white cross as a mark of distinction for their persons and houses. A civil war ensued. The Protestants entrenched themselves, with cannon, in the Hotel de Ville. In order to dislodge them, the adjacent houses were fired, and the Parliament forbade, under pain of death, any attempt at extinction of the flames. The besieged then battered down the blazing houses. The Governor of Narbonne was sent to propose terms of peace. The Protestants were to quit the Hotel de Ville, leaving their weapons and ammunition, and they might then retire in freedom whither they would. No longer able to hold out, they accepted this offer, and on Whit-Sunday, at the time of vespers, they all came forth unarmed, in the hope of thus escaping the fury of the people, who had already massacred all the Huguenots whom they could seize. *As soon as they were known to be issuing from their place of refuge the people in the churches rushed out and slew most of them without pity.* Historians estimate the number of victims variously at three to five thousand. *The Toulouse Parliament caused those who had escaped from this wholesale murder to be put to death.* That eminent body of men then purified its own ranks by the ejection of twenty-two suspended members. All the capitouls of the year were deposed from office, their children were deprived of noble rank, their property was confiscated, and the decree awarding this punishment was inscribed on a marble slab at the Capitol.

This frightful massacre freed Toulouse almost wholly from the stain of the heresy which thenceforth, in that region, existed only among a very small, a persecuted, and a detested minority of the people. Thus did Catholicism triumph at Toulouse; thus was the city, so long obstinate in heresy, restored to the faith of the one, true, and orthodox Church. The few Protestants in the place, when any of the sect dared to reappear, found themselves the sole heirs of the hatred gathered for ages in succession against Arians, Albigenses, Vaudois, and Huguenots. Extermination alone had been able to prevail against heresy.

The Parliament established an annual festival of "Deliverance," which was to be held on May 17, the anniversary of the massacre. Two years later *Pope Pius the Fourth confirmed their decree by a "bull," ordering the festival to continue for two days, and attaching to it indulgences and special blessings.* Voltaire afterwards styled the festival "the yearly procession of thanksgiving to God for four thousand murders!" The yearly procession, attended by the members of the four local brotherhoods with their banners, and by all the officials and trade-guilds, kept up the popular hatred against the Protestants.

In 1762 preparations were made for celebrating with unusual splendor the

second centennial anniversary of the local massacre of the Huguenots. The capitouls of the year, in their report, refer to having striven to celebrate, "with all possible magnificence," the centennial year of "the Deliverance," and to their having, "in imitation of the piety of our fathers," asked and obtained a "bull" from the Pope (then Clement the Thirteenth) extending to eight days the period of religious privileges accorded by Pius the Fourth for two days only. This anniversary was specially marked by a grand display of fireworks at the close, and by a great show, in the procession, of stuffs in silk and gold ordered at Lyon. In 1763 Voltaire, in a letter to Madame Calas, expressed the opinion that "this ceremony of savages ("Iroquois" is his own word) will not long continue to be held." He did not allow for the tenacity of life in the works and ways of religious bigotry. *A hundred years after he wrote, in* 1862, *under the Second Empire, the Archbishop of Toulouse made a fresh announcement of the olden ceremony.* The Government opposed the celebration, so far as the streets were concerned, on the ground of danger to the public peace. The Government permitted the celebration of the festival within the Catholic churches; and the clergy of Toulouse thus proved that they had not, after the lapse of three centuries, and amidst the full light of modern progress and freedom, either duly forgotten or learned what they ought.

The people of Toulouse, ever fervid with the passions of natives of southern France, and already excited by the preparations, begun a year in advance, for the great ceremony of May, 1762; stirred, further, to intolerant feeling by officials who took a pride in persecution, were heated, early in that year, by the public spectacle of executions of heretics. On February 19th, *a Huguenot minister*, Francois Rochette, last of the martyred pastors of his faith, a man of only twenty-six years of age, *was hanged.* On his breast he bore a placard inscribed, "Minister of the R. P. R." (i. e. "Religion pretendue Reformee.") As he ascended the ladder to the gallows, he sang the words used by Huguenot martyrs, versified from Psalm cxviii. 12. On the same day three brothers, glass-makers, men of the rank of *gentilshommes*, were beheaded for the offence of planning a rescue for Rochette from the Marshalsea prison. The youngest of the brothers covered his face with his hands as the two elder died. When the executioner came and again offered him life *on condition of conversion to the Catholic faith*, he calmly replied, "Do your duty," and laid his head on the block.

On October 13, 1761, at evening-tide, the merchants and shopkeepers in the Grand' Rue des Filatiers, the busiest street of trade in Toulouse, were closing for the day. The thoroughfare was alive with the stir and the talk of employers and their assistants setting all in order for the next day's work, while here and there sat groups of people in the open air before their doors. The shop and house at No. 16 (now No. 50) were occupied by the Calas family, the resident members being Jean Calas, a dealer in printed calico, his wife, two of his sons—Marc-Antoine and Pierre—and a servant, Jeanne Viguier. The shop had been closed at the usual supper-hour. At half-past nine, or shortly afterwards, a passerby heard cries in the house of Calas. These exclamations were also heard by fourteen persons engaged in neighboring houses or sitting in the street, and all agreed as to the time, though not as to the words which caught their ears. Most of them declared that they heard, "Ah! mon Dieu!" and differed as to what followed. At the sound of the cries, Madame Calas' servant, opening a window on the first floor, exchanged questions and answers with other women, withdrew from the window, and soon reappeared at the door, crying, "It is all over: he is dead!" According to other witnesses, she exclaimed in patois, "Ah! moun Dieu! l'an tuat!" ("My God! he is killed!") A few seconds later there was seen running

from the house a young man unknown to the neighbors, clad in a grey coat and red vest and breeches, wearing a three-cornered hat trimmed with gold lace, and with a sword at his side. Another young man, Pierre, third son of Jean Calas, came out twice, and twice returned, first with a youth named Gorsse, pupil of a surgeon named Camoire, then with Monsieur Cazeing, a man in business and an intimate friend of Jean Calas, and with a lawyer, Monsieur Clausade. The neighbours hurried up from all sides. Before the arrival of young Gorsse, a friend of the Calas brothers, Antoine Delpech, son of a Catholic man of business, entered the shop. Marc-Antoine, the eldest son, was there stretched lifeless, his head supported by bales of goods. His father, leaning on the shop-counter, was in a state of despair ("At times," said the servant in her deposition, "he flung about everything"); and the mother, less overcome, was bending over the body, vainly striving to cause the swallowing of a cordial, and moistening the temples. Delpech declared that his first thought was that a duel had taken place. His idea was that Marc-Antoine, who was skilful with the sword, had been thus engaged. "I felt his body," he said, "over the stomach and other parts which I found cold, but there was no wound." This statement was confirmed by another witness, who had also entered the shop. The medical pupil, Gorsse, came in at this moment and examined the body, and, as he stated, "placing his hand over the heart, he found the flesh cold on all sides, and there was no palpatation." All this testimony, which confirmed the statements of members of the family, proves that, as the whole body, even the flesh over the heart, was cold at half-past nine or a few minutes later, the cries which had just been heard could not have proceeded from the deceased. Gorsse declared that the young man had died by hanging or strangling. Clausade, the lawyer, seeing the state of affairs, that the young man was past help, advised the family to inform the police, "in order to certify the death and obtain leave for the burial." Lavaysse, the young man in a grey coat, who had just returned, offered to render this service, and hurried with Monsieur Clausade to find Maitre Monyer, assessor of the capitouls, and their clerk, Savanier. On their return, they found an excited crowd gathered round the house. Forty soldiers of the watch were guarding the door, and one of the capitouls, David de Beaudrigue, was already on the scene of the tragedy. The assessor and the clerk were allowed to enter, but Lavaysse, who sought to follow them, was kept back by the soldiers. It was in vain that he insisted, as a friend of the family, until he stated that he had come from the house and had supped there that evening. On this last declaration it was understood that he might have to be heard on the case, or even his person secured. He went in, and from that moment his lot was one with that of the Calas family, and for four years he shared their suffering, humiliation, and peril.

David de Beaudrigue, one of the capitouls, had been aroused from his first sleep at half-past eleven by two tradesmen of the district. Hurrying off with the guards, he caused a physician and two surgeons to be summoned. He began proceedings with the arrest of Pierre Calas, who had remained near the body, waiting for the police, while his parents had withdrawn to their room on the upper floor. During this time the crowd pressing at the doors were making excited remarks on the sinister and mysterious event. "Confused cries," it was said, "had been heard over the whole district, and the lifeless body of a young man of twenty-eight found in the midst of his relatives." The spirit of fanatical spite was beginning to move them. The Calas family were well known to be Protestants. A death so strange and sudden, occurring at their house, was bound to appear a crime to those who looked upon a Protestant as capable of any evil deed. The mob found no difficulty in believing or in assert-

ing that the parents and brother had murdered their relative. "These Huguenots had slain their son in order to prevent him from turning Catholic." This frightful accusation sprang from the crowd gathered round the door. The first utterer of the wicked slander was never known. It was greedily accepted, and repeated from mouth to mouth, gaining strength with each fresh assertion. No one adopted it with more readiness or more fully than the capitoul David de Beaudrigue. In that anonymous cry he heard the voice of truth; suspicion was for him a shaft of light. Calas, compelled by the nature of his business to live in a part of the town removed from the two Protestant districts, was surrounded by neighbors who were hostile, if not to him personally, at any rate to his creed.

The negligence of the Catholic magistrate, who, having arrived first among the officials on the scene of the tragedy, was responsible for a due inspection of the details, can scarcely be conceived. De Beaudrigue failed to examine the state of the shop and adjacent rooms. He had no search made about the house for places where assassins might have been hidden, as, for instance, the long passage leading from the street to the courtyard. He forgot to determine if those whom he accused of strangling a young man in the prime of manly vigor had their clothes disordered or bore on their persons any other signs of a struggle. He made no search in the room of the pretended "martyr" for Catholic books or objects of devotion. He did not even preserve the papers found in the pockets of the dead man. In a word, without observing one of the formalities prescribed by the law, the capitoul David mounted to the room of Jean Calas and his wife, and bade them accompany him to the Hotel de Ville. He had the body of Marc-Antoine Calas carried away on a litter, with his coat, which had been found folded on the counter; and he arrested, along with the Calas family, all the persons found in the house—their servant, Jeanne Viguier, young Lavaysse, and Cazeing, their friend, who had only reached the house after receiving news of the tragic event. One of the defenders of the accused persons, a man of ripe wisdom and high position, counsellor to the Toulouse Parliament, afterwards pointed to the irreparable wrong done to the cause of the accused by their hasty arrest. An immediate and careful examination of the scene of action would have probably shown at once that the event was a suicide. The clearest elements of proof were, through the negligence of the capitoul, lost without hope of recovery. The arrest was, moreover, illegal. It could not lawfully take place without a warrant save in the case of *flagrant delit* or glaring publicity in the act, or of *clameur publique*, the latter meaning, not the uttered opinion of a person or of a crowd on the causes of death, but a street cry in pursuit of a runaway. There was nothing of either kind in the case of the Calas.

The relatives of the dead man were so far from conceiving the fate in store for them that, absorbed in grief, they supposed their visit to the Hotel de Ville to be for the purpose of their giving account of what had occurred. Pierre Calas took care to place a lighted candle in the passage, to await their return for the night. The capitoul, with a smile at his simplicity, had the light extinguished, and observed that "they would not return so very soon." He was right. They never returned, and this was just what he meant to convey.

The news of the arrest caused great excitement, and the bigoted Catholic people looked upon the Calas family as not merely guilty, but as good as convicted, of murder. The accused persons were shut up and interrogated in separate rooms of the same prison—Jean Calas and his son Pierre in dark cells, and the two women in rooms not without light. Lavaysse was placed in the lodgings of the officer of the guard. It was only then that the capitoul, David de Beaudrigue, drew up his *proces-verbal*, or first report, in viola-

tion of the law ordering this to be done on the scene of a crime and before quitting it after the first visit. Then also was drawn up the report of the physician Latour and of the surgeons Peyronnet and Lamarque. These gentlemen, after being sworn by David, examined the body of Marc-Antoine Calas. Their published report states that the body was "still slightly warm, without any wound, but with a livid mark on the neck, about half an inch in width, of a circular shape, disappearing amidst the hair behind, and dividing into two branches on each side of the neck. These signs convince us that he was hanged, still living, by his own hands or those of others."

The negligent official, on quitting the house of Calas, did not at first leave any guard in charge, nor did he then think of taking possession of the instruments by which the deed had been committed. Later on he placed nine soldiers in charge of the house, a number soon increased to twenty, maintained there for five months at the cost of the accused. The rope and the billet of wood which served to effect the death of Marc-Antoine Calas were deposited at the office of the clerk to the capitouls.

On October 14th, Jean Calas, his wife, his son Pierre, young Lavaysse, and even the servant, although she was a Catholic, were accused before the capitouls of having strangled Marc-Antoine Calas under the impulse of Protestant fanaticism, in order, by his murder, to prevent his conversion to the Catholic Church. Cazeing was now discharged. The charge was, upon the face of it, in the highest degree improbable, and, in the case of one of the accused, it was absurd. There is always a strong presumption against a charge of atrocious crime when the accused is a person of character hitherto without reproach, a man or woman of pure life and mild demeanor. This presumption becomes far stronger when several such persons are involved in the charge.

It is incredible, if not that one, yet that five persons, differing in age and position, and two among them of different blood from the rest, should commit a crime of the utmost wickedness after having gained and kept undeserved esteem among their fellow-men. In the Calas case we have one of the accused, the servant, belonging to a rival Church; all were unassailable in their previous conduct; and fanatical hatred vainly employed all the resources of calumny in the endeavour to fix a single stain upon any of the number.

Jean Calas, born in 1698, near Castres, had been established in business at Toulouse for forty years at the time of his son's death in 1761. Simple-minded, honest, and diligent in his calling, he had slowly acquired a fair position among his fellow-citizens, and his religious and virtuous character was an honour to Protestantism in the city where he dwelt. His manly piety and his devotion to duty were the best possible preparation for the martyrdom to which he was doomed. His temperament was gentle as well as serious.

It is a point strongly in favour of Jean Calas, charged with murdering his son because he wished to embrace Catholicism, that he, the father, in his relations with Catholics always displayed a mildness of manner and a tolerant spirit then very rare. Abundant proof exists on this head. In 1735 a Catholic magistrate named Bonafous, wishing to place his two daughters in the nunnery of Notre Dame at Toulouse, entrusted them to the care of Calas, in whose house they at first abode. At a later period, the elder sister on several occasions lodged with the Calas, when illness occurred at the nunnery. After her marriage with the mayor of a neighboring town, this lady, as also her sister, furnished duly authenticated certificates of the above facts. Madame Boulade, the Mayor's wife, declared in her deposition that "during the time of her residence with Calas and his wife she fulfilled all her duties as a Catholic, in the year 1757, and that Calas always sent her under proper charge to the churches which she attended." Many other witnesses

gave like evidence, but none of these documents in favour of the accused was produced at the trial. The same tolerance was shown by Calas towards his son Louis, who became a Catholic, and also towards the servant, who had aided and abetted the son's conduct in this matter, which was a source of pain to his parents. With the knowledge of these facts, no candid judge could possibly believe that Jean Calas was the murderer of his eldest son for the reason alleged. It is established that the accused man was regarded by all except bigoted Catholics with esteem and even with affection.

Madame Calas, married in Paris in 1731, was her husband's superior in mental ability and worthy of him in her elevation of character. Her maiden name was Anne-Rose Cabibel. She was English by birth, French in race, belonging as she did to one of the Huguenot families whom the bigotry of Louise the Fourteenth drove into exile. She was allied in blood to several noble families in Languedoc and to some officers of high rank, chevaliers of the Order of St. Louis. Her relatives only remembered her after the legal murder of her husband, when she and her son Pierre lay in prison under the capital charge. Madame Calas herself, in the shop at the Rue des Filatiers, scarcely thought of her ancestry. She had all the courage, but not the pride, of those from whom she sprang. The greatest Frenchman for intellectual power then living, when he came to know her, was filled with wonder and with high regard for her quiet energy and dignity of character and for the vigour of intellect which no suffering had been able to abate. In presence of the judges she displayed her mental superiority to her hapless husband in the penetrating power and presence of mind with which she detected and evaded the traps laid for them by the interrogating officials, and she showed a higher resolution than he in protesting against false or malicious testimony.

The servant, Jeanne Viguier, about forty-five years of age at the time of Marc-Antoine's death had been in service with Madame Calas for twenty-four years. A royal decree of January, 1686, forbade Protestants in France to have any non-Catholic servants, under penalty of fine for the employers and the "galleys" for the domestics. The Toulouse judges thus well knew that the Calas family must have a Catholic for servant or have none at all. Yet they asked Jeanne at the trial "how she could remain for twenty-four years in a family of a religion opposed to her own." She replied simply that, "having never been annoyed in any way, she found herself well off." We thus see that Protestants, who, pained as they were at their son's change of faith, had not ceased to treat with kindness the Catholic servant who had encouraged him thereto, were accused of having murdered another son through sheer fanaticism. The Catholic servant who had aided the younger son to change his faith is charged with having shared in the crime of murdering his elder brother because he contemplated such a change. We have repeated and insisted upon this point in order to show the extreme absurdity of the accusation. In truth, the history of the world would be ransacked in vain for any worse display, not merely of injustice, but of folly in the selection of victims. The servant, in spite of her undutiful behaviour in the matter of Louis Calas' conversion to her own faith, was in all other respects honest, courageous, and faithful. She shared all the perils of Madame Calas, and she remained closely attached to her to the end of her life.

We come now to deal with the dead Marc-Antoine Calas. In order to arrive at the truth concerning the tragedy, it is absolutely necessary to learn something of his career. Born on November 5, 1732, he was in his twenty-ninth year when his body was carried, on October 13, 1761, from the house in the Rue des Filatiers to the Hotel de Ville at Toulouse. His youthful ambition soared above his father's trade. He had some oratorical ability, and longed for the Bar. His studies had been directed thereto, and in May,

1759, he received a diploma as Bachelor of Law. His further progress was arrested by the fact of his being a Protestant. As such he could not become an *avocat* or barrister. He would not change his faith, and reluctantly joined his father in the business, and helped him in the affairs of the shop and the warehouse. He was bitterly disappointed in the failure of his hopes. One day, when he stood outside the shop, he saw passing Maitre Beaux, a former fellow-pupil in the study of the law, who was returning from the "Palais," where he had just been admitted to the Parliamentary Bar. Beaux asked him, "When are you going to do the same?" Marc-Antoine replied that it was impossible for him, "because he did not choose to perform any Catholic act." The young man, deeply grieved to see closed for him the career of which he had dreamed, vainly sought to enter some other profession. From all he was barred out by some royal decree excluding Protestants. He then, entering perforce on the career of trade, sought an engagement with a merchant at Alais, but was unable in due time to furnish security to the amount of six thousand francs. He then desired to become partner in his father's business. Jean Calas found himself unable to consent to this proposal. He had, during four years past, initiated his son in all his affairs, and been everywhere represented by him, "looking upon him," as he declared, "as his second self." The interest of the whole family absolutely forbade him to give a share of control to one, even his eldest son, who had no aptitude for business, and in whom a taste for gambling and idleness was ever growing stronger. The young man, irritated by his present position, and without hope for the future, had become a gambler, and witnesses at the trial represented him as passing all the hours at his disposal in the tennis-court and the billiard-saloon. His betting at those resorts was high for one in his position, and resulted in his sometimes losing six francs, twelve francs, or even a louis d'or. The day of his death had been almost wholly passed at billiards and tennis. One witness had seen him, until nearly five o'clock, in the establishment known as "Quatre-Billiards." It is certain that on that day his father had handed him some crowns (six-franc pieces) to exchange for louis, that he gave no account of them, and that the money was never found. It is a fact that he had in his pockets, at the time of his death, some copies of immoral and indecent songs.

With this kind of ill-conduct that can be truly laid to his charge it is remarkable that Marc-Antoine Calas, alone in his family circle, was intolerant and inclined to fanaticism in religious matters. His religion was, like his character, of a gloomy type. A priest declared that he had heard him maintain that "there was no salvation in the Roman Church, and that every Catholic was damned for ever." He often showed bitter irritation on the subject of his brother Louis' conversion. The reader will observe how wholly the conduct and character of Marc-Antoine Calas are opposed to the suggestion of the prosecutors that he meditated joining the Catholic Church. We can also well understand that such a young man, gloomy and taciturn at home as he was, declining any share in the harmless recreations of the family circle, embittered against men and things by the failure of his ambitious hopes, deriving no solace from the faith which he held so fanatically, gone astray into debasing pursuits, and daily disgusted with his occupation in the business of his father, was not unlikely to end his life, in a moment of despair, by his own act.

The youngest son, Pierre, whom the capitoul David de Beaudrigue directly accused of taking a leading part in murdering his brother, need not detain us long. He deserves boundless pity for his share in the sufferings of the family, but he cannot claim praise for heroic endurance. His intelligence was limited and his character weak. He recognized in a lowly spirit his own deficiencies. During his confinement in a monastery he abjured his faith under

the influence of fear. He fled as soon as the doors were opened, and hastened to retract his pretended conversion.

We must now give some account of the fifth person arrested by order of David de Beaudrigue. This is young Lavaysse, the man in a grey coat, wearing a sword—the *porte-epee*, as the gossips of the Rue des Filatiers styled him.

Francois Lavaysse, born at Toulouse in October, 1741, was not yet twenty years of age. His family, which had been ennobled, held a good position. He was the third son of Maitre David Lavaysse, then one of the most eminent barristers in the south of France. He was a Protestant, as were all his children, but he had complied with the law as to "acts of Catholicity" required for admission to learned professions. Of rare learning in the law, and sometimes admirably eloquent, he was a man utterly wanting in energy and endurance under misfortune, and when he was smitten by the blow levelled at his son, he did not venture at first to defend him except in secret.

Francois Lavaysse, desirous of entering the French commercial marine, had been sent to Bordeaux to receive instruction in pilot work and in English, and to spend some time with a shipowner. At the time of the tragic event, he was about to leave Bordeaux for Saint Domingo, in the West Indies, to enter on a new career of business under his uncle, agent for a large estate, and he had returned to Toulouse to bid farewell to his family. All testimony shows the young man to have been of very amiable character, honorable and upright in all points. He reached Toulouse on the evening of October 12, and found his father's town house, in the Rue Saint Remezy, closed. The family were at the country seat. He then made his way to the abode of Monsieur Cazeing, to whom he was conveying letters and who was as intimate with his parents as he was with the Calas family. This family friend gave him supper and a bed. On the morrow heavy rain prevented him from going out until noon. As soon as it was fine he went in search of a horse for hire, in order to go over to Caraman, his father's country abode. He could find none, in consequence of the press of work for the vintage at that time in progress. About four o'clock in the forenoon, as he passed the shop of Calas, he saw there some women belonging to Caraman. He straightway entered, asked the peasant-women for news of his family, and stated his difficulty. Pierre Calas offered to aid him in a fresh search, and the father, Jean Calas, invited him to supper.

It is somewhat difficult for the accusers to explain how it was that a man who had resolved on murdering his son that very evening could invite a comparative stranger to have a share in or be a witness of the crime.

Lavaysse and Pierre Calas hurried about the town in search of a horse for hire, but without success. Towards seven o'clock they accompanied the peasant-woman of Caraman to the inn whence they were to start for home. Lavaysse then went to inform Cazeing, his host of the previous day, that he was to sup with the Calas family, and returned to share the meal at which he was to have his last hour, for many a day, of freedom and safety. It seems impossible, but it is true, that this worthy, well-conducted youth became, in the lurid light of religious bigotry, in the poisoned minds of Catholics of Toulouse, an executioner, a strangler, commissioned to come from Bordeaux by the Protestants of Toulouse for the dispatch of Marc-Antoine Calas. It was nothing, in the scale of justice as held by the wretches who accused him, that he thrice quitted and thrice returned to the house of Calas—the first time, after running to fetch the surgeon Camoire, whom he found from home; the second time, after having found Cazeing; the third time when he brought Monyer and Savanier. Thus it is that, in the imagination of such men as David de Beaudrigue and the Catholics of Toulouse, a murderer takes his measures to escape.

The death scene now demands our

notice. When Lavaysse returned for supper with Pierre Calas, after they had scoured the town together in search of a horse for hire and seen the country women safe to the inn, Pierre pulled the door of the house after him as he entered last, and it closed by its own weight. In this circumstance the accusers saw premeditation of crime. The simple fact was that the Calas, like other shop-keepers in the town, were in the habit of closing the doors at meal-times. The two young men ascended to Madame Calas' room, where she was with her husband and the eldest son, Marc-Antoine. Lavaysse described the latter as sunk in his elbow-chair, with his head supported by one hand, and paying no heed to them on their entrance. At table he ate little, drank several glasses of wine, and, when dessert was put on, rose and went out according to his custom. About two hours passed away. Madame Calas, with some embroidery-work in her hands, conversed with her husband and Lavaysse. When that young man was about to leave, it was found that Pierre had fallen asleep. They awoke him, but he was ashamed of the fact of sleeping, and would not admit it. They all "chaffed" him on the matter, with loud laughter, and the party separated in high good-humor. It was their last gleam of joy! Death was already in the house, and his presence was about to be known.

It was then between half-past nine and ten o'clock. Lavaysse went downstairs, accompanied by Pierre, and was the first to make the very natural remark which led to the discovery of the corpse of Marc-Antoine. The door of communication between the passage and the shop was open. Was it due to the servant's carlessness? Pierre entered, in order to ascertain. His friend followed him, and both uttered cries of horror when they found Marc-Antoine hanging to the door which opened from the shop into an inner room called the warehouse. On the two leaves of this folding-door, as it stood open, the young man had placed crosswise one of the billets or large round sticks, flattened at one end, with which bales of goods were fastened tight. To this bar of wood he had hung himself with a rope in a double running-knot. He was in his shirt-sleeves. It was observed later that his hair was neither ruffled not his clothing in disorder. The police officers found his coat of grey cloth and his nankeen vest placed on the counter, carefully folded, a strange detail which clearly proves, not only a voluntary death, but the cold, slow deliberation with which a long-premeditated suicide is effected. Pierre took hold of his brother's hand: this act caused the body to swing. The two terrified young men at once ran off, calling for help. At these cries the unhappy father came down hurriedly in his dressing-gown. Neither of the two, Pierre and Lavaysse, had thought of cutting the rope. Calas ran to the body, and seized it in his arms. The corpse being thus raised, the bar of wood fell to the ground. The father at once laid his son's body on the floor, and took off the rope by loosening the running-knot. At the same moment he cried to Pierre, "In God's name, run to Camoire!" (the neighboring surgeon). "Perhaps my poor son is not quite dead." On this, Pierre and Lavaysse ran out, the first returning very soon with Gorsse, pupil (as we have seen) of the surgeon.

They found the mother leaning over Marc-Antoine, rubbing his temples and vainly trying to make him swallow some spirit. The mouth kept closing of itself as if by a spring. Gorsse at once saw that help came too late. He took off the cravat, saw the mark of the cord round the throat, and declared that Marc-Antoine had died by strangling or hanging. At that moment Pierre lost his head. He went out in a bewildered state "to go," as he said later, "to seek advice everywhere." He knew not what he was doing, and his father recalled him to his senses by saying, "Don't go and spread the report that your brother has made away with himself; save, at least, the honor of your miserable family!" This advice of concealment had fatal conse-

quences, but it was not without excuse in the barbarous legislation of the time concerning suicide. It was based on the Roman law that "a self-slayer's body must be cast forth unburied," a sentence which involved confiscation of all his property to the imperial treasury. Time had added to the rigour of this decree. The dead body was brought to trial like a living person. In case of condemnation, the body, absolutely bare, was dragged along the streets on a hurdle, face to the ground, amidst the yells of the mob, who often defiled it with mud or mangled it with hurled stones. The body was then hung on a gibbet, and the property of the dead person, if any existed, was confiscated to the Crown.

The only other details of events on the fatal evening that possess any interest, just preceding or following from a letter of Madame Calas to an intimate friend, giving a full and exact account of all that occurred. We there learn that, when Lavaysse had accepted the invitation to supper, Madame Calas went down stairs from her sitting room to give some orders to the servant. She found her eldest son, Marc-Antoine, sitting alone in the shop, in a state of reverie, and asked him to go and fetch some Roquefort cheese, an article which he was wont to buy for the family, as he was a good judge of its quality. He executed this commission. We also learn that, at supper, when Pierre was giving some account of the antiquities at the Hotel de Ville in Toulouse, his brother "took him up," as not describing them with due accuracy. When Marc-Antoine left the table he went to the kitchen, on the first floor, near the dining-room, and it was then that the servant, Jeanne Viguier, asking him if he were cold, and saying, "Warm yourself," received the strange reply already noticed—"Quite the contrary, I am burning hot" ("Je brule"), on which he went out and was seen, by any of the family, alive no more. When Madame Calas heard the cry of alarm below, not distinguishing any words, and her husband ran down, she remained, trembling, in the passage above, not daring to descend. In a minute or two she resolved to see for herself "what the matter could be," but found young Lavaysse at the bottom of the staircase, and was by him begged to return upstairs, and "she should know." Attended by him, she returned to the dining-room, and there he left her. In a short time Madame Calas, unable to remain quiet in her state of uncertainty, called to the servant (who was in the kitchen close at hand), "Jeanette, go and see what is the matter below. I don't know what it is. I am all trembling." "I put a candle in her hand, and she went down; but when she did not return to give me any account of what was going on, I went down myself." The poor mother then tells how, "not believing her son dead," she ran to get some "Queen of Hungary's water," thinking him seized with illness.

We may close this account with the graphic details that, when the surgeon declared the fact of death, Madame Calas exclaimed, "That cannot be!" begging him to examine the body again, and that her attention was divided, in those fearful moments, between the sight of her dead son on the one side and her living husband on the other, leaning over the counter in a desperate state of grief. It was in this condition that, as already related, "Justice found them" (in Madame Calas' words) and the arrests took place.

There is no need to go into details concerning the "trial," if trial it can be called, of Jean Calas. It has been seen that no direct evidence whatsoever concerning the death of Marc-Antoine could be obtained outside the circle of the accused persons. After the examination of thirty witnesses not a single proof tending to conviction had been found. It was time for bigotry to assert its existence and power. Amongst the usages of the *ancien regime* in France in criminal cases was a practice of the *Procureur du Roi* or Crown solicitor, in his search for evidence. He drew up a statement of "facts," known

or presumed, for which he wanted the support of witnesses, and applied to the ecclesiastical powers in order that an advertisement, or *monitoire*, might be read in the pulpit and posted in the streets, to give notice to all persons who "*might know, by hearsay or otherwise*," the matters in question, that, if they did not come forward and declare them either to justice or to their parish priests, they would incur the penalty of excommunication. If the publication of this notice did not have the expected effect, the same *monitoire* was "fulminated," or repeated in the churches with frightful threats of infernal penalties against all who, having any knowledge, failed to make deposition. It is only fair to say that this mode of procuring testimony was addressed equally to witnesses in favor of and to those against the accused. Inculpated persons were not, it must be remembered, allowed to call any witness on their own behalf, nor was any witness who voluntarily tendered himself admitted to examination. It is evident that the Crown lawyer, by partiality in drawing up his "facts" for the *monitoire*, might exclude all depositions in favour of the accused. This is precisely what occurred in the Calas case, and it makes an end of a reproach brought forward again in recent days that the family produced only one witness to prove that Marc-Antoine had remained a Protestant, while a crowd of witnesses (all perjured, we may remark) attested the contrary. By the *monitoire*, all parish priests, curates, and priests in discharge of Church functions were made, in fact, examining magistrates Protestants were accused and the vast majority of the people were bigoted Catholics. The state of public opinion was such that few Catholics would be bold enough to say a word on behalf of the accused, and no Protestant could hope to be believed, as a member of a Church which, according to a then accepted and most atrocious calumny, bade its devotees to put to death all Protestants who embraced the Catholic faith, and appointed special executioners to carry out the punishment. The air was alive with abominable charges against Protestants, asserting other cases of murder in Languedoc perpetrated on Huguenots who had become Catholics. The capitouls, the Parliament, the clergy, the brotherhoods, the great mass of the people of Toulouse, were all banded against one hapless and helpless family.

We have already explained the usual criminal procedure depriving the accused person of the aid of counsel or advocate, and conducting matters separately and secretly between the culprit and each different witness in presence only of the judge and his clerk. There were other antiquated usages all furnishing weapons for the accuser against the accused, who was at every point placed at a disadvantage in the contest.

It is clear, moreover, to any candid mind that Lavaysse and Jeanne Viguier, as being impossible sharers in the supposed crime, should have been at once released. This course was not adopted by the prosecutors because they would both have then been able to claim a hearing as witnesses to the fact that they had known all the movements of Jean Calas, his wife, and their son Pierre; Lavaysse as seated at table with them, and Jeanne as serving the supper and passing to and fro between two adjoining apartments, the dining-room and the kitchen.

A base means was adopted to induce Lavaysse to turn against his friends. His father, David Lavaysse, whose weakness of character has been mentioned, allowed himself to be persuaded by the prosecution that the Calas were, beyond doubt, guilty of the alleged murder. He was assured that ample proofs thereof had been secured, the fact being that the prosecution were at their wits' end to find the beginning of a vestige of proof, as legally understood. The miserable man, being allowed an interview with his son, tried hard to induce him to save himself from torture and death by declaring that the three Calas had strangled Marc-Antoine. It may be very chari-

tably hoped that the father was then sincere and really deceived. This vile effort of the prosecutors wholly failed. The younger Lavaysse, with imperturbable frankness, repeated his constant assertion that no murder had been committed at all. We should add that the man, Monsieur David Lavaysse, who had professed his belief in the guilt of the three members of the Calas family, afterwards drew up a secret memoir, still unpublished and existing in the historical section of the Archives in Paris. In this document are found, firstly, a statement that Marc-Antoine Calas was "a young man of very gloomy character, and on that day (the day of the tragedy) more brooding (*reveur*) than usual"; secondly, an account of the popular excitement, in which the accusation of crime is styled an *imposture*, with a statement that "some sensible (*sages*) people mourned over *the delusion into which the town had been cast by its magistrates*"; and thirdly, an argument as to "the moral impossibility of five monsters, a number that could scarcely exist at one time in the whole kingdom, being found together in a single house—of a father, a mother, a brother, a friend, and a Catholic servant having united in staining their hands in the blood of one who was son, brother, friend, young master all in one, and of their having, after a deed so monstrous, sat down calmly to supper. He also shows the absurdity of imagining that five such persons should have chosen as the scene of a premeditated murder a shop situated in the busiest and most populous street of the town, and, as the time of the murder, the hour in the day when the street was most thronged with people. He also insists upon the interest which the magistrates—the capitouls of Toulouse—had in obtaining the condemnation of the five accused persons, in order to prevent any of them from instituting proceedings for abuse of power, imprisonment without warrant, and various illegal measures.

To make our story short, Lagarre, the *Procureur du Roi*, or Crown attorney, on November 10, 1761, demanded sentence to the effect that Jean Calas, Madame Calas, and their son Pierre should be hanged, their bodies be burned on a pile of wood expressly prepared, and the ashes be flung to the winds; that their property should be confiscated, and that young Lavaysse and Jeanne Viguier should be present at the execution; that Lavaysse be sentenced to the "galleys" for life, and that Viguier should be imprisoned for five years in the Hospital de la Grave in Toulouse. The capitouls, however, unable to agree on the punishment, decreed that the most rigorous torture should be applied to the three Calas, and that Lavaysse and Viguier should be "presented to torture" without its being applied to them. These wicked men hoped thus to obtain the avowals and proofs which they had hitherto vainly sought. They had committed a gross illegality in sparing the two latter the actual pain of torture: such remission lay within the powers at once appealed from this decree to the Parliament of Toulouse. The *Procureur du Roi* also appealed to the same higher court on the ground of too great leniency in the sentence. The condemned persons were forthwith transferred from their cells at the Hotel de Ville to other quarters at the Palace, and were all put in fetters. On December 5th, the Parliament annulled the decree of the capitouls, and placed the further prosecution in the hands of one of their counsellors, Monsieur Pierre-Etienne de Boissy.

We now come to inquire what evidence of any value was heard by the Parliament against the accused persons. Not one word. There was nothing that was not mere hearsay, or evident mistake, or manifest falsehood and invention. Not a circumstance was adduced to show that the five accused persons, or any of them, could have had a hand in murdering Marc-Antoine Calas; not a circumstance to show that he could not, by the use of a stool placed between the two open leaves of the door, have hanged himself with the rope, as found, in two running-knots,

and with the bar of wood. Everything pointed straight to suicide; nothing pointed to murder. Therefore, in the logic of the Toulouse Parliament it was clear that a murder had been committed; just as in the famous modern French court-martial it was evident that a man wrote a document because the handwriting differed from his in several important points.

We conclude the demonstration of the innocence of the alleged murderers by destroying the only motive thereto put forward by the prosecution—*viz.* the alleged conversion or meditated conversion of Marc-Antoine Calas to the Catholic Church. The servant, Jeanne Viguier, who would have been the first to know of any such act or intention on the part of Jean Calas' eldest son, energetically denied that he ever showed any leaning in that direction. Not an object valued by Catholics was found in his possession—not a book of prayers, nor an image, nor a cross, nor a relic, nor a medal, nor a string of beads. The examination of the pockets of his clothes at the time of decease, the careful search of his wardrobe and chest of clothes, revealed nothing of the kind. The copies of indecent verses found on him were carefully destroyed by David de Beaudrigue the capitoul, as being unsuitable for the *rôle* of a Catholic martyr, through Protestant fanaticism, already conceived for him by the accuser. Not a priest could be found who had heard from Marc-Antoine Calas any abjuration of the Protestant faith, or who had ever received him to confession or to "first communion," or who had ever given him any of the instruction in the faith always sought by those who meditate "conversion" from one Church to another. There were many lying inventions of Catholics who pretended to have seen him at Catholic worship. There was none that could bear examination. On the other hand, we have seen Marc-Antoine's reply to his friend Maitre Beaux, that "he could never reach the Bar because he would do no Catholic act"; and we refer, lastly, to the evidence of Canon Azimond, a Catholic of high character, who well knew the Calas family, to the effect that "Marc-Antoine was very far (*tres-eloigne*) from turning Catholic." On the contrary, to the very last he made public profession of Protestantism, in attending assemblies, funerals, and public worship; in eating meat on Fridays, offering family prayers, reading out a sermon on Sundays, and in other ways.

We pass to the tragical end of the innocent Jean Calas.

Of the thirteen judges, seven voted for death. Three were for turture only, reserving their right of voting for death at a later stage; two desired a verification, above all, of whether it were possible or not for Marc-Antoine Calas to have hanged himself between the two leaves of the folding door with the wooden bar and the cord which were at the office. One judge only voted for acquittal. Incredible as it seems, the majority of the judges actually refused to allow the verification demanded by two of their body to be made. It was easy enough; the point could have been settled in half an hour. The annals of "justice" contain no more abominable instance of prejudice and levity. The majority of seven in thirteen was not sufficient for a capital sentence. After long debate, another judge, who had been thought favorable to the Calas, joined the seven and gave the needful majority. We will not linger over the atrocious sentence, which was carried out on March 10, 1762.

Jean Calas, the father of the man who had beyond doubt slain himself, was put to death as his murderer with every circumstance of ignominy and horror. After undergoing the "ordinary and extraordinary torture," in order, vainly, to extract a confession, he was "broken alive on the wheel." In other words, he was bound, face upwards "towards heaven, to live there in suffering and repentance, etc., as long as it should please God to give him life," on a wheel, after being smitten with an iron bar by the executioner to the breaking of his arms, legs, thighs,

and reins. His remains were then burned and the ashes scattered to the winds; his property was confiscated, with reservation of a third portion to his wife and children. A hostile official personage testifies that the victim underwent his sentence with "inconceivable firmness." At each blow of the iron bar he uttered only a single cry. During the two hours that he remained alive on the wheel he talked with the priest in attendance on any subject save religion, declaring that all he might say thereon would be useless, and that he chose to die a Protestant. As he passed on the car to execution the appearance of the old man, exhausted by torture, his simple manner, his courage, his calmness, aroused emotion in the crowd, to whom he cried, "I am innocent!"

During the two hours of agony on the wheel, with all his chief bones broken, Calas uttered not a murmur, not a word of anger or revenge. He prayed God not to impute his death to his judges, and said, "Doubtless they have been deceived by false witnesses."

Exhorted to name his accomplices, he cried, "Alas! where there is no crime, can there be accomplices?" A few moments before he died Pere Boorges conjured him in the most solemn terms to "render homage to the truth," that is, by confession of the crime. Calas answered, "I have said the truth. I die innocent. But why should I complain? Jesus Christ, who was innocence itself, chose to die for me by a yet more cruel punishment. I have no regret in quitting a life whose end, I hope, is going to lead me to eternal happiness. I pity my wife and my son; but that friend, the son of Monsieur Lavaysse, to whom I meant to show courtesy in asking him to supper—ah! it is he that increases my sorrow!"

Suffering for his family seemed but natural to the simple-minded Jean Calas. There could be no more happiness for them after the suicide of the eldest son and all its grievous results. The unmerited woe of one not connected in blood, of a friend, a young man barely twenty years old, who had come under their roof only to be engulfed in the family's trouble,—this thought saddened the heart of the unselfish sufferer. Happier, surely, was Jean Calas in his death, broken to pieces, degraded for the time, dishonored in his memory, than the capitoul David de Beaudrigue, the foremost of the foes of the Calas family! In the vigour of his life, at the height of his ambition, this hasty and besotted fanatic was soon to be plunged into remorse—an object of execration to the human race, pilloried in public opinion by the avenging pens of the first writers of the age, displayed on all the stages of the first time in every language of civilised man as the type of an iniquitous and bloodthirsty judge; to end his career at last, by his own hand, in a fit of homicidal mania.

The murderers of Jean Calas next strove to turn to account, with his alleged accomplices, the terror which his fate might inspire. They were removed from their cells at the Palace to the "condemned" cells of the Hotel de Ville. Their guards were doubled, and at last they were deprived of the use of knives and forks and of every object which might aid a suicidal purpose, as if the law were carefully reserving them for its own method of dispatch. Madame Calas, the widow, was infamously treated. The gaoler constantly used disgraceful language. During illness she lay in a cell where the walls dripped with moisture. Her effects were stolen, and five or six priests or monks relieved each other in attempts to drive her to confession by threats and by other methods usual with cowardly scoundrels of their class. Under threats of torture Pierre Calas and Lavaysse abjured Protestantism, and by a refinement of cruelty the son was taken by his confessor to the mother, in order to announce his conversion. They hoped for an explosion of anger from her which might serve their cause. She was alive to the snare, and heard the avowal of Pierre unmoved, averting her head without a word of reply.

The constancy of Jean Calas was of

great service to his widow, his son, and their two companions in prison. Nothing had been confessed. The aim of his horrible punishment had missed the mark. That which was meant to confound the accused had become a strong proof in their favor. Popular opinion began to be divided. Jean Calas had not died like a parricide or like a fanatic. If he were innocent, so were they all; and even if they were guilty, where was the hope of proving it? The Procureur-General, Riquet de Bonrepos, had, however, the implacable courage, or, rather, the atrocious effrontery to demand, on the day following the death of Jean Calas, that his widow, his son, and Lavaysse should be hanged, after having made, like the father, the *amende honorable*, a ceremony which consisted in going, clad in shirt only, with head and feet bare, from the prison to the cathedral, and there, in front of the main door, kneeling with a large lighted candle of yellow wax of two pounds' weight in the hand, asking pardon of God, of the King, and of "justice" for misdeeds. This amiable high official also required that the servant, Jeanne Viguier, should "assist" as an eye-witness at their execution, and then be imprisoned for life at the hospital. The counsellor to the Parliament was less severe. He proposed that Pierre Calas, as the chief murderer, should be sent to the "galleys." Several judges voted for acquittal, others for banishment for life, and this was finally agreed on. Jeanne Viguier was unanimously acquitted, as "a good Catholic." Madame Calas and Lavaysse were placed, in the technical phrase, *hors de cour* and *de proces*, a decision equivalent to a verdict of "Not proven." Nothing could be more absurd than this decision, given on March 18th. If Pierre Calas were the chief murderer, he ought to have been put to death, not banished.

These wiseacres of bigotry and injustice thus established, when they sentenced the son to a lighter penalty than his sire, and acquitted the widow, Lavaysse, and the servant, that Jean Calas, a man of sixty-four years, had, single-handed, strangled his son of twenty-nine, without the mother, the brother, the friend, or the servant, who were in the house at the time, having any knowledge of the deed. Such is the logic of false accusers, so thorny are the paths of fanaticism unto them that walk therein. The decision of March 18th, was in fact a censure on that of March 9th.

The "banishment" of Pierre Calas was a form. Conducted by the public executioner outside the Porte St. Michel, he was attended by a priest, who forthwith led him again inside the town by another gate, and then to the Jacobin monastery. Pere Bourges, the priest who had received the last words of Jean Calas, waited for Pierre at the monastery, and told him that if he practiced the Catholic worship his sentence of exile would be reversed.

The young man fell into the snare, and found himself a prisoner always kept in view. After four months of captivity he made his escape on July 4th, leaving a letter for Father Bourges, in which he thanked him for his kindness and told him to judge his state of mind by his escape. In a short time, at a date now unknown, Madame Calas and the servant were released. Lavaysse went out of his prison about March 20, ten days after the execution of Jean Calas.

The judicial murder of the father, only three weeks after those of Rochette and of the brothers De Grevier, struck terror into the Protestants of Toulouse. Many families left the city as soon as they could dispose of their property. The emigration of Huguenots recommenced in all parts of Languedoc, and they sought in foreign lands the freedom and safety denied to them in their own. The country lost good manufacturers and farmers; the peace of desolation, for Protestants, reigned in Toulouse.

(To Be Continued Next Month.)

Editorial Notes and Clippings

DO the caged birds of Rome crave freedom?

Do they want to get out?

The fat, red-lipped priests tell us that the imprisoned women are happy in their pens, and that none would accept liberty, even if the State offered it.

Read this item from the Memphis *News-Scimitar*:

As soon as her condition permits, Ruth Huff, 19 years old, who was injured while trying to escape from the Convent of the Good Shepherd early Monday morning, will be released from the City Hospital and returned to the institution. She fell 20 feet from a rope made of bed sheets tied together, breaking her ankle and wrenching her back.

According to the police report, the Huff girl and Nellie Seagraves, 17, Nashville, Tenn., attempted to escape from their room on the third floor of the convent. Taking five sheets, they made a rope that hung from their window to the ground. The Seagraves girl slid down first and the other followed. When about half way down, she fell.

The Seagraves girl picked up her companion and carried her to Avalon Street, wnere she became exhausted. C. A. Hettinger, 305 Leath Street, who was passing in an automobile, found them and conveyed them to the City Hospital. Emergency Officers Davis and O'Brien were sent there by Captain Couch and they returned the Seagraves girl to the institution.

Ruth Huff was sent here from Birmingham, Ala.

They risk their lives to get out: they break their limbs in falling; they flee into the woods hiding until hunger compels them to give up—and then the Law arrests them as escaped criminals, and flings them back into the dungeons of Rome.

Yet they don't want to get out.

They don't need inspection bills! These would be an "insult" to the fat, red-lipped priests who are the real goalers of the women.

Pray consider the hard lot of the priests of Yucatan, who have been ordered—as a condition to their remaining in Mexico—*to marry and go to work.*

Washington, Dec. 14.—Systematic persecution of the clergy in Mexico, authorized by government officials since the recognition of Carranza and in violation of his pledge of religious tolerance, was charged in a protest made to Secretary Lansing today by Manager Francis Kelly of Chicago. On leaving the state department Manager Kelly said the secretary had promised to do what he could to secure improvement in the situation.

Manager Kelly, who was accompanied to the department by Rev. Thomas Shannon of Chicago, charged that a decree had been issued in the state of Yucatan requiring all priests to marry and to work eight hours a day in the public offices on pain of expulsion.

O how terrible! Carranza has actually told the priests *what God told Adam*, "Marry and go to work!"

It is a frightful persecution, when the priest is reduced to the position to which the Almighty subjected Adam, *after* he had tasted that pippin.

The grievance of the Mexican priests is, that heretofore they have had the run of all the pippins.

What the Romanists would do to us, if they had the power, is illustrated by the following:

T. T. Coyle, editor of a Catholic paper published in this city, created a sensation yesterday afternoon by going to Alamo with a sledge hammer and smashing to pieces a statue of St. Theresa. The statue was discovered in 1867 while workmen were engaged in making excavations for a building on Houston Street, and was placed in the Alamo. On the breast of the image was a Masonic emblem, consisting of a square and compass. This gave offense to the editor, who is a very devout Jesuit. Coyle was arrested, and was interviewed in jail. He said that the statue was an offense to Catholics. He had written Governor Ross to have it removed, and that official replied that he could not order its removal without consent of the city of San Antonio. He stated that it was his intention to blow up the Alamo with dynamite if he could not otherwise secure the

removal of the obnoxious image.—Courier-Journal, May 19th.

Since the American priests are howling so furiously about the "outrages", inflicted upon Mexican priests and nuns by *the Catholic soldiers* of Mexico, we might refresh our minds by reading what Miss Leila Roberts published in The Missionary Voice, of Nashville, Tenn.:

The year 1875 seems to have been a specially fateful one for pioneer missionaries and small groups of believers. We find recorded that on January 26th, in the city of Acapulco a mob of fanatical Romanists, armed with lances and pistols, assaulted the evangelical church, killing three members and wounding nineteen others. An American who was present, hoping to quell the disturbance, ventured outside of the building, but was instantly killed. His wife and four small children were left to battle with life's turbulent elements as best they could. So fierce was the fighting inside the church that pools of blood covered the floor. Another instance of the insincerity of Romanism when she pleads for religious liberty is convincing.

Rev. Santiago Gomez, pastor of our Mexican congregation in Bridgeport, Tex., has in his possession a valuable volume of chronicles published during this period. One of these tells of the death of his grandfather, who, while standing in the pulpit preaching the gospel, was shot and killed, his blood sprinkling the floor and the leaves of his Bible, which is still preserved. More than seventy witnesses for Jesus will wear the martyr's crown because of the intolerant spirit of Romanism in Mexico.

Being one of the pioneer missionaries to Saltillo, I can testify to what was experienced there twenty-six years ago. Stones were hurled at us by day and by night; and sometimes they hit the mark, penetrating the windows and falling like leaden balls on the roof. We were anathematized by the priests to such an extent that owners of houses were warned not to rent us their property, the penalty being excommunication for the first violation of the command and condemnation for the second. Many who passed us on the street made the sign of the cross to ward off the evil influence of our presence. Finding that these petty persecutions did not move us, the next plan was to induce the civil authorities to exact of us an exorbitant municipal tax for each religious service held. In this way they hoped to drive us from the country. Failing to get redress from local officials, we appealed to President Diaz, who gave us a favorable reply and thus saved us from the cruel hands of Romanism.

This fiendish persecution, did not stop in 1875, nor even in 1895, when the priests caused eight Mexicans to be publicly burned at Texacapa, for the capital crime of not being Catholics.

Two of those victims were women, and one was a little girl.

Think of it! The date was 1895, the year in which Grover Cleveland was our President, the second time; and the year before Bryan & Co. killed the People's Party by convincing its National Convention that, if the Populists would accept Bryan for Presidential nominee, the Democrats would accept Watson for the second place on the ticket.

Have Villa and Carranza *burnt* any priests, nuns, and children?

Almost incredible to relate, a Romish delegation went to our State Department at Washington to protest against Carranza outrages, and one of those hideous crimes was that Carranza had ordered the priests to wear the Mexican serape (blanket) instead of an *overcoat!*

Read the news dispatch for yourself:

"In Guadalajara," Manager Kelly said, "the university has been closed since Carranza was recognized and the chapel partly destroyed. In Morelia, capital of Nichoacan, **they even went so far as to order that priests should not wear overcoats,** but should wear on the streets as protection against the cold **a blanket, the garb of the peon."**

Damaged the chapel, closed the university, *and even went so far* as to compel the priest to wear a blanket, *the badge of the peon!*

O gentle, meek, single-garment Jesus Christ! Barefooted, homeless, vagrant —teacher of Palestine, eating no better, lodging no better, and dressing no better than the poorest man in Judea!

What a vast gulf there is between the Christianity of Christ, and that which betook itself to our State Department, and demanded *war on Mex-*

ico, because Carranza had "*even gone so far*" as to compel a disciple of our Lord *to wear a blanket*, similar to those that are used by *the poor Catholics* of the land which Rome has enslaved and robbed for 400 years!

But for those 400 years of servitude, *the Mexican* would be wearing the overcoat, and the priest would be glad to get *the blanket*.

The Washington dispatch continues:

Manager Kelly and Father Shannon were encouraged by the interest shown by Secretary Lansing. Eliseo Arredondo, recently appointed Mexican ambassador here, also had told them, they said, that he would do all he could to secure an amelioration of conditions.

Manager Kelly denied that the Catholic Church was antagonistic to Carranza or ever had engaged in politics.

Of all the liars that ever perfected the art, commend me to a Catholic priest.

The Catholic Church has never been "antagonistic to Carranza." It never advanced money to Huerta to fight him. It never sent Archbishop Mora and Cardinal Gibbons to New Orleans to conspire against him, in the interest of "a new man."

It never brought Huerta back from Spain, and sent him to El Paso to commence a counter-revolution. It never reviled Carranza, in every Catholic periodical, as a bandit, a cutthroat, "an enemy to God", an athiest and anarchist.

It never denounced President Wilson for recognizing him, nor did it threaten Wilson with the "vengeance" of the Catholic vote for having done so.

It did not even rail at Tumulty, when he made light of those alleged Carranza outrages, which Mr. Roosevelt had so greedily swallowed.

No: the Catholic Church dotes on Carranza: it has always loved him: it has merely been misunderstood and slandered, as so often happens to that most virtuous of all human institutions.

Besides, the Catholic Church is not in politics: it never has been: its eyes are fixed on Heaven: its kingdom is not of this world: it wants nobody's vote, nobody's money, nobody's land.

It doth not covet its neighbor's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass.

It somehow generally gets them, but *that* is an accident of life, due to the Providence which mercifully eliminates all human desires from men and women as soon as they become priests and nuns.

When you don't want a thing, you get it; and when you *do* want it, you can't get it.

So says Kelley, and Kelley cannot tell a lie.

Since Mexico is to be made a burning, red-hot issue, by Roosevelt, Perkins and the three Irish Cardinals—Gibbons, O'Connell and Farley—we might as well get all the information we can on the subject, before Teddy begins to roar.

In *The Christian Advocate*, of December 9, 1915, there appeared an article by Rev. Dr. G. B. Winston, a Methodist missionary in Mexico. Our readers will appreciate the following extracts:

It is Cardinal Gibbons who sets the time, and the wail has been taken up all down the line. Why is the good Cardinal pitying Mexico? A cruel military usurpation, intolerable to our own government, even, and much more to the people of Mexico, has been overthrown. An ignorant and vicious rebel against the popular movement of which he was once a part, has been suppressed. Order has been restored to such a point that President Wilson and his advisers feel justified in recognizing the existence of a de facto government. The Mexican people are harvesting their crops and restoring their commerce. A capable and patriotic man, backed by an efficient military establishment, is at the head. A popular movement, with a program of civic, economic and educational betterment, is running strong. All signs point to the dawning of a new day. Why, then, is everybody saying, "Poor Mexico"?

Rich in Resources.

Mexico is rich. Baron Humboldt was of the opinion that nowhere else in the world is concentrated so much of mineral wealth. For four centuries her gold and silver have

enriched the world. Her supplies of lead are inexhaustible. A mountain near Durango is solid iron. In Cananea is one of the largest copper-producing mines in the world. Mercury, zinc, cobalt and other secondary metals are found in paying quantities, and within the brief decades of this twentieth century incalculable quantities of petroleum have been uncovered.

The agricultural resources of the country are equal to the mineral. A most friendly climate, ranging from the tropic levels to the crisp air of the table lands, encourages all life, vegetable and animal. In many sections repeated crops can be reaped in a twelvemonth. Alfalfa is sometimes cut from six to ten times. On the wide plains of the interior reduced rainfall and a burning sun have charged the soil with the essential salts of fertility. Where cultivation is unprofitable there is grazing for stock the year round, with no danger of freezing weather or blizzards. Calves and colts are not dwarfed by wintry winds. Winter is the season of sunshine, summer of clouds and rain. From the cereals of the temperate zone to the rubber and sugar cane of the tropics the whole range of fruits and grains can be raised. Humboldt —to refer again to one of the greatest of the world s statisticians—estimated that Mexico could easily sustain a population of a hundred millions. As yet she has only fifteen.

Rich in Human Stuff.

Mexico is rich also in "human stuff," to use a graphic phrase of Bishop O'Connell. The "Indians" there were not the graceless, lazy, inefficient nomads whom our fathers encountered in the woods of what are now the United States. In Mexico the peoples were settled. They had cities and a government. They cultivated the soil. They wrought in wood and stone. They were numerous, vital, robust, moral, persistent. They absorbed the Spanish invaders, even though they had been conquered by them. They are still the people of Mexico. They are industrious; they are intelligent; they are docile; they are contented. Yet they are not without ambition. Rousing at last, after long sleep, they are demanding better things for themselves and for their children. Their sleep has not been voluntary. It is true that they are of a contented mind, but for years, for centuries, sedatives have been administered to them. They are awake now, and they are a great people. Let no man imagine them decadent or exhausted. They are brave; they are self-sacrificing; they are patriotic.

Impoverished.

Yet despite the wealth of their domain and their own riches in manhood and womanhood the Mexicans are poor. Their land has been exploited and its products carried away. They have had imposed upon them a political, an industrial and a religious domination which have made them poorer and not richer. Instead of being made partners in their own civil government they were from the first treated as nonentities. All power was at the center, radiating thence among the people. They contributed nothing to it. Instead of continuing to own their lands and work their mines they became serfs and worked for others. Their religion was equally autocratic. They took what was given them and were allowed to ask no questions. For fear that they might ask questions Church and State agreed in keeping them in ignorance. Being ignorant they were inefficient. They ate husks and wore rags. They took orders, but did not give them.

After four centuries of this they are now both poor and pitiable. When they seek to liberate themselves from some of these shackles that so long have bound them they seem but to flounder helplessly. They are inexperienced in co-ordinate action, unprepared for progressive movements. They strike out blindly at their oppressors —the unjust ruler, the grasping landlord, the domineering ecclesiastic. It is a disturbing spectacle for near neighbors like ourselves. It should be peculiarly so for Cardinal Gibbons.

Mexico, unhappily, is also poor in friends. That a vast fund of sympathetic good will exists today among our people for that stricken country is undoubted. But what voice has it? The men who have exploited Mexico and who would like to continue are displeased at the way things are going there. They raise a loud outcry over the recognition of Carranza. They fill the papers with their lugubrious prophecies and their unrestrained denunciation. What would they have? Is not the program of the Constitutionalists the real hope of the Mexican people? If our newspapers and magazines are to continue discounting the leaders of that movement and bewailing the conditions of "poor Mexico" simply because these men are in power, while no other voice from among us comes to the ears of the Mexican people, will they believe that we are their friends? Once we fought them and took away their territory. They have not forgotten that. Now, when they are struggling to their feet and attempting to achieve self-government, we stand coldly and doubtingly by. We let selfish investors and sentimental Catholic dignitaries utter our feelings for us. The Mexicans do not believe that those are voices of friends. Rightly or wrongly they are unalterably convinced that much of that which is pitiable in their case has come to them through the domination of

one Church. They are not prepared now to receive patiently the commiseration of the leaders of that Church or feel gratified if the rest of us permit such leaders to put words into our mouths. Because the Constitutionalists assert plainly that the laws of 1859 and the Constitution of 1857 will be rigidly enforced the Catholics of the United States have violently opposed the recognition of Carranza. President Wilson was deluged with letters and telegrams of protest before he granted that recognition and has been covered with abuse and denunciation since.

What Catholics Demanded.

Could we blame the Mexicans if they should grow a bit impatient at this point? They look upon the Constitution of 1857 and the Reform Laws of 1859 as the charter of their liberties. It was virtually required of our President that he demand of them the repudiation of these great principles for which their fathers bled, in order that their government might receive recognition at our hands. It is scarcely surprising that Woodrow Wilson declined to be a party to any such demand. Some of these laws may seem to us rather strict —too strict. We do not feel concerned at the existence of religious orders in our body politic. But the Mexicans do not think their laws too strict, and they do not intend to modify them. Religious orders are prohibited there, and it should be remembered, when so much is said of the treatment of monks and nuns, that all foreign monks and nuns were violating the law simply in being in Mexico and living in communities. The Catholics of our country may, as they are already threatening, throw their votes against President Wilson and make him "pay the penalty." The editorial writers all over the United States may continue to join them in a chorus of denunciation of Carranza, but the thoughtful men of Mexico are going to stand by their Constitution and their leyes de reforma. Their Constitution may be amended, but it will not be in the direction of altering the great principles enunciated by Gomez Farias, Lerdo, Ocampo and Juarez.

Only let the mighty democratic, liberty-loving, evangelical, human public sentiment of the American people find proper expression of its real and brotherly sympathy for the Mexicans in their desperate struggle, only let our hands be stretched out in genuine helpfulness and not to rob and oppress, only let the Mexicans by our aid and co-operation have once a fair chance to consolidate their liberties and to develop the resources of the fair domain with which God has endowed them—then nobody will any longer dare say, "Poor Mexico!"

In the New York Tribune of December 5, 1915, there appears a lengthy study of Mexican conditions, from which I clip this paragraph:

Although the Roman Church is recognized as the religion of the country, the people at large have no religion. It is simply a cult, there being no social or moral training. **The priests, as a rule, are immoral, often being the fathers of several illegitimate children.** You may train a wolf to do lamb's tricks, but he remains a wolf. You can hardly make saintly men and teachers, however intelligent they may be, out of boys who have had no moral training whatever, and raised as most Mexican boys are. So scarce are good men more or less publicly known that a recent canvass in a certain state revealed that there was not a man in the state that was considered fit to be Governor, under present aspirations.

"*The priests as a rule are immoral*": and these are the libertines that Gibbons and Kelley are clamoring about, when Carranza says that they must take wives and go to work!

The Nautilus Magazine has this interesting historical item:

After the Thirty Years' War it recalled that the Diet of Nuremberg, after considering the male wastage during that period, duly authorized and issued an official proclamation, the salient part of which is as follows:

"Inasmuch as the unavoidable needs of the Holy Roman Empire require the replacing of men totally lost during the bloody Thirty Years' War * * * it shall for the next ten years be forbidden to take into cloisters young men or such men as are under sixty; marriage shall be permitted to such priests and pastors as are not members of orders or in cloisters or prebends; every male person shall be permitted to marry ten women, but all and every male person shall be therefore reminded also from the pulpits, that an honorable man who ventures to take ten women shall not only provide for them all necessaries, but shall also prevent all dissatisfaction among them." --- --- --- ----

The above proclamation was issued on February 14, 1650, and is taken from the Franklin Archives, published at Anspach in 1790.

History repeats itself, you see. Carranza orders the priests to marry,

just as the Authorities of Germany did 265 years ago.

By the time the Pope, and the Hohenzollerns, and the Hapsburgs, and the Turks get through slaughtering Christians in Europe, it may be thought necessary to apply the Carranza law to the European priests, so that the dreary wastes of human population may again be made to blossom with a new crop of children.

If the average appearance of the average priest is any sign, he can be trusted to do his full share.

A Young Nun Renounces Rome.

The Standard of July 3, 1886, contains a letter addressed to Cardinal Gibbons by Elizabeth Heady, renouncing her allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church, and giving her reasons therefor. She was born and reared of wealthy Protestant parents in Kentucky, and was won over to Catholicism by a governess of that faith who was pledged not to interfere with her religion. The following excerpt from her letter gives a part of her experience:

"I entered the nunnery of the Sisters of Providence, Terre Haute, to prepare myself to become a nun. I was not long under the training of the sisters of that nunnery before I began to suspect that there was nothing but lies and deception behind the highly colored and so well whitewashed walls of those monastical institutions. It became more evident to me every day that their vow of poverty was only a mask to become rich, that their vow of celibacy was a snare to entice accomplished young ladies into a life which my pen refuses to describe. That the people would not leave one stone standing on another of all those nunneries, could they but know what I learned of the mysteries and iniquities concealed behind those high and thick walls."

She left that nunnery and went to her Protestant friends; but, thinking that perhaps the conditions which she found in the nunnery at Terre Haute were exceptional, she entered the Convent of the Poor Franciscans, and here is what she says about that:

"Then and there I became convinced that my first impressions of the nuns were correct. Full of an unspeakable disgust and indignation, I forever left them, to throw myself into the arms of an evangelical Protestant church."

Think of this, you Protestant parents, who would put your girls under the training of Romish governesses, or in Romish schools or nunneries.

From *The Truth Seeker*, of New York, this most timely article, by Franklin Steiner is taken:

Another attempt is to be made to curtail the freedom of the press. This time, not only religion but races must be protected against criticism. The following is the text of "a bill to amend the postal laws" as introduced by Mr. Siegel, a Hebrew gentleman who happens to be a representative in Congress from New York:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whenever a complaint in writing shall be filed with the postmaster-general that any publication making use of or being sent through the mails contains any article therein which tends to expose any race, creed, or religion to either hatred, contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, he shall forthwith cause an investigation to be made under his direction and shall within twenty days after receipt of such complaint, if the facts contained therein are true, make an order forbidding the further use of the mails to any such publication, but nothing herein contained shall be deemed to prevent the postmaster-general from restoring such use of the mails to any such publication whenever it shall be established to his satisfaction that the publication has ceased to print or publish such prohibited matter and given him satisfactory assurances in writing that there will be no further repetition of the same."

This bill, like the Fitzgerald and Gallivan bills of the last session, seems to be a demand for special legislation. The last two were designed to protect a certain church from criticism. This one, while serving the same purpose, rushes to the defense of races as well. Strange to say there is no united demand either from the churches or from different races, many as there are of both in this country, for such a law. We are then obliged to conclude that it is for some special purpose and for some particular people's benefit. Nor would we be doing violence to our faculties were we to say that we hear in this bill the yelp of a hit dog and see the flutter of a wounded bird. All such bills are designated to keep from exposure some persons or some organizations whose ways are dark, and whose actions will not bear light. Ingerson once said: "I have no fear of anything as long as the press is free."

These bills were desired to prevent exposure of the Catholic church in its efforts to obtain political power, grab the bulk of the public positions and break down or cripple our public schools. They had

reached that stage when they thought they could openly assert their plans and demands. They had no fear of the daily press, that having been corraled. They knew what was in store for them in case of exposure, and already are writhing under punishment inflicted by the weekly anti-clerical papers which arose in all parts of the country to warn the people of the great politico-ecclesiastical conspiracy. Rome now practically acknowledges that with a free press she is doomed to defeat.

During the past year, an event occurred in a Southern state that roused a racial hatred where it had not been known before. In April, 1913, a working girl, fourteen years old, was ravished and murdered in a pencil factory in Atlanta, Ga.

It was a most shockingly, brutal murder, and naturally aroused indignation. At first suspicion pointed to two negroes. No one then thought it possible that the superintendent of the factory, Leo Frank, might be guilty. However, his family and friends thought otherwise, for before he was even accused, they had retained the biggest and highest-priced law firm in Atlanta to defend him, and immediately upon being arrested this firm were at his side. **The case is not on record elsewhere, when a man presumably innocent, as they vociferously claimed Frank to be, fortified himself with the best legal talent before any one brought a charge against him.** Inside of three months, after one of the greatest legal battles known in the South, he was found guilty by a jury. An appeal to the Georgia Supreme Court resulted in the conviction being sustained, and later the supreme court of the United States, after examining the evidence, decided that it found no cause to interfere.

Frank, according to the laws of Georgia was sentenced to hang. It is not our purpose here to discuss the right or wrong of capital punishment. The real question as will appear in what follows is: Shall any man, after committing an infamous murder and assault upon a poor working girl, escape punishment because he has relations with no limit of money to buy newspapers and intimidate courts, no matter what the punishment might be? While the trial was on in Atlanta, and for some time later, **no one heard of race prejudice or mob violence, notwithstanding that the evidence not only proved Frank guilty, but established that in his private life he was a loathsome degenerate.** Here what is called race prejudice started.

Frank was a Jew. He had rich relations. These started a newspaper campaign in his behalf throughout the northern states. This did not deal with the evidence in the case. **They were careful not to mention what was told on the witness stand.** They asserted that he was convicted on the evidence of a worthless negro who was an accomplice. Not only is this impossible in Georgia and all other southern states, but the law of Georgia specially provides that no man, white or black, can be convicted of murder on the unsupported testimony of an accomplice. As a matter of fact, Frank was convicted on the testimony of reputable white men and women, some of whom were his own employees. Not only was the evidence suppressed in this newspaper agitation, but abuse and vilification were hurled at the people and the courts of Georgia.

Petitions to the governor containing thousands of names of sentimental persons ignorant of the facts in the case poured in. Money was used to an extent unknown before. Attempts were made to bribe and intimidate witnesses. Still the Georgia courts and board of pardons stood firm. Not a member of the jury that found Frank guilty would sign a petition for commutation of sentence. But their hope was rightly fixed in Georgia's governor, **John M. Slaton.** That individual, **between the time of the murder and his inauguration as chief magistrate of the state, was taken as a partner into the law firm that defended Frank,** notwithstanding the fact that being governor he could not practice law for two years. A judge on the bench is not permitted to pass on a case in which he has previously been an attorney. **In this case John M. Slaton was actually Frank's attorney.** As such, and having in addition the pardoning power as governor, he commuted Frank's sentence to life imprisonment. This was not the worst. He issued a fifteen thousand word document in which he overrode the evidence, the courts and the jury, **making himself a court of review,** and asserted that Frank was not guilty. In this he uttered the most glaring falsehood. If he was not guilty he should have been liberated at once. This, however, was only part of the play. The little time that Frank was in the penitentiary, he lived in luxury.

Then the people took the case in hand, and one night took the prison keepers by surprise and Frank also, inflicting on him the punishment decreed by the courts. We may rightly condemn the lynching. **But did not the paid prostitute press of the North, financed by rich Hebrews, try to lynch the state of Georgia?** And when Frank was taken out of prison he thought at first that the lynchers were his own friends, come to carry him out of the state and secrete him from the Georgia authorities, in accordance with a conspiracy they had formed. And is not corruption of public officials in enforcing the law very often the cause of mobs? Was not this only one

of the many cases where a man with money tries to buy immunity from the punishment for crime?

If these transactions did cause some prejudices to arise against Hebrews, were they not themselves responsible? Why did they declare that a convicted murderer should not meet the penalty of the law the same as any other, **merely because he belonged to their race?**

One man in Georgia exposed this conspiracy. That man was Thos. E. Watson. In his journals, **Watson's Magazine** and **The Jeffersonian**, he not only printed the evidence showing beyond a reasonable doubt that Frank was guilty, but he unveiled the plot to secure his escape. Quite naturally the influence of his papers was blamed for the lynching. But why? What did he do more than present the facts of the case which other papers found it in their interests to suppress? No one denies that he told the truth, but his great sin was the telling of it.

Shortly after these events Congressman Siegel, the author of the bill, bobbed up, asserting that there should be a law to prevent newspapers from vilifying "races," and on the opening of Congress he presented this one.

Because the people of Georgia lynched one degenerate Jew who had been convicted legally of murder, it does not follow that any lawabiding—and we say to their credit that the great mass of them are—Hebrews have anything to fear from racial criticism. By inserting the words "religion" and "creed" this bill just suits the Romanists, and now Fitzgerald and Gallivan see their desires gratified without taking any responsibility.

No people have suffered more than the Jews from Romish greed, rapine and murder. Yet here we see the priestly cassock and the Jewish gabardine standing together before Congress, in an effort to down free press, because both have been guilty of acts which will not bear the light of day! While the entire proceeding enough to cause a smile to come on the chiseled face of the Statue of Liberty, we think all intelligent and reputable Hebrews will repudiate Siegel and his bill.

FRANKLIN STEINER.

And so old Huerta is dead!

If ever there was a salutary illustration of the retribution which overtakes perfidy and crime, it was the case of this trusted lieutenant of President Madero, who betrayed his master with a kiss, and then murdered him! And for *what?*

A poor mess of pottage which Fate did not give him time to eat.

Of course, Huerta died in the richest odor of Roman Catholic sanctity. The male petticoats were there, with their "pontificals, pyxes and tools", as Carlyle said of the Cardinal who shrived the putrid Louis XV of France, when that exhausted reprobate was making "his *amende honorable* to God."

Yes, the priest oiled Huerta's feet, and his chest, and his head, etc., and then said "I forgive you",' and if Huerta did not escape the Devil and cause deep disappointment throughout Hell, it is because the Roman Catholic priest cannot usurp the functions of Jesus Christ.

The United States Government doesn't warn citizens to keep off the high seas, because the ocean is the common property of all nations.

But the Government *can* warn its citizens not to enter another independent country which is in a state of revolution, because each country is master of its own soil.

Therefore, our Government warned our citizens in Mexico to leave, and furnished them every facility for getting out. It also warned those who were out, to stay out.

In spite of these warnings, a score of Americans headed by a man named Watson, ventured into Villa's neighborhood, to recommence operations in Potter Palmer's mines, Palmer being of the many American concessionaires who are so ardently and so deservedly loved by the exploited Mexicans.

"Bandits" fell upon these trespassing Americans and killed Watson, et al., a fate not unusual to trespassers, especially at a time when *all* the Christian nations are seeing red.

Whereupon, a lot of demagogues, sensation-mongers, and yellow journalists are clamoring for war upon Mexico, because a few outlaws kill a few trespassers!

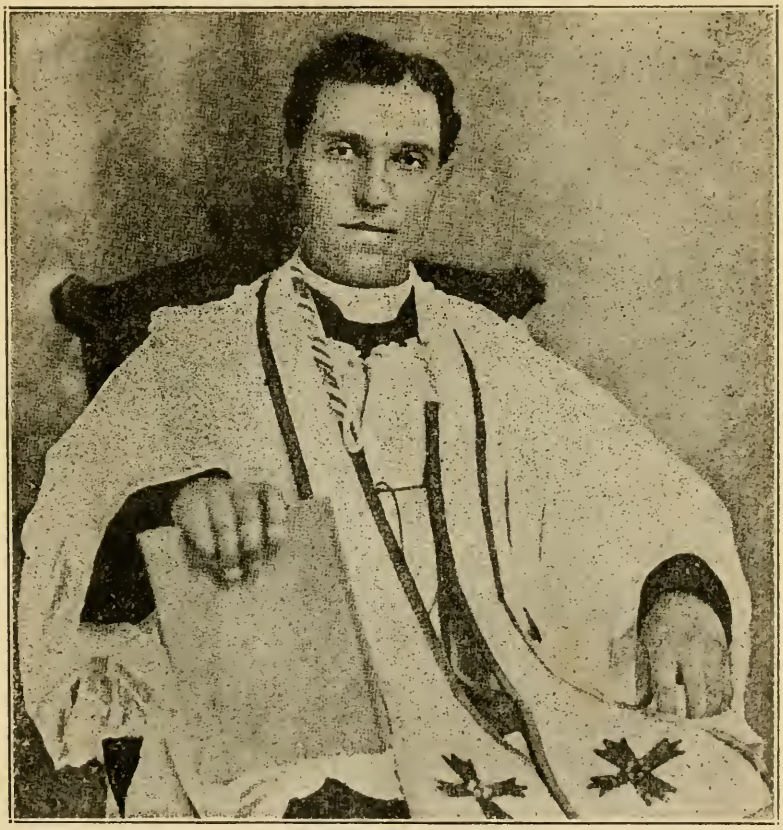
Suppose European Governments had

declared war upon ours, on account of the Italians massacred in New Orleans! Or the Poles and Hungarians slaughtered in Rockefeller's State of Colorado!

Is President Wilson to be held responsible for what "the mob" recently did in Ohio? Can any government totally suppress crime?

In all the complications and complexities of current politics, remember the French adage of *cherchez la femme*: only, in *this* case, *search for the priest!*

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you another photo-engraving of the Rev. Harry Dorsey, S. S. J., a



THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW DORSEY LOOKED WHEN HE FIRST BECAME A PRIEST. COMPARE THE TWO PICTURES.

The Hearst papers, and the Senators Stone and Sherman did not clamor for war on Germany and Austria during all the months when they were murdering Americans on the high seas—peaceable men, women and children, some of whom were on their way home, when they were assassinated.

Why have our Senators and some of our editors, and some of our would-be Presidents one law for Germany and another for Mexico?

colored priest of the Sacred Cow of American journalism, namely, The Italian Papal Church.

This negro is as perfect a type of the portly priest as you will ever see. Abstemious in his diet, he, like nearly every priest, has grown fat. Somehow, the mortification of the flesh, as practised by Roman bachelors, almost invariably results in a thick neck, heavy lips, sensual eyes, and bulging belly. It is very curious. Cold water, beets,

celery, lettuce, artichokes, turnips, sterilized milk, with an occasional draught of hemlock to cool the blood, have certainly done wonders for this Louisiana negro, Harry Dorsey, S. S. J. If Harry doesn't begin to take a drink of wine, now and then, eat meat, savory stews, and other nourishing viands, he is in great danger of becoming an enfeebled, emaciated anæmic.

HOW DORSEY NOW LOOKS.

What sort of education have the white priests put into the head of Dorsey? What have they taught him? How has he been trained to regard himself, as compared to the Catholic laity, men and women, black and white?

Pray give your attention to this matter! It is vastly important, and the baleful consequences of Rome's education of her black priests are as inevitable as they will be calamitous.

Harry Dorsey, the negro, has been taught that *his* powers, as a consecrated priest, are as follows:

"The priests are consecrated persons and therefore possess superhuman position and power. **Even the angels bow before them.**

"Any dishonor paid to the clergy is a special wickedness and **a sin against the Divine Trinity.**

"Should a priest display **human weakness**, it is the duty of the faithful to remain quiet, and to **leave such matters to God and to their ecclesiastical superiors.**

"Christ would rather permit **the world to perish** than the celibacy of the clergy should be abolished.

The foregoing extracts are taken from a book written by a priest, published by a well known firm, and circulated with episcopal approbation for the use of Roman Catholics in the bishoprics of Breslau, Cologne, Munster and Trier.

Excerpt from a volume by Archbishop Katchthaler:—"One may even speak of the omnipotence of the priest, of **an omnipotence which is beyond that of God Himself.** For the priest, by merely uttering the words 'Hoc est corpus meum, **can compel God to descend to the altar.**

The whole taken from the "Christian World" of September 19th, 1913, supplied by its Berlin correspondent.

Shortly before his death, Rev. D. S. Phelan, published one of his St. Louis sermons in his paper, *The Western Watchman*, in which he used the same blasphemous language.

He said, "When I command Him (God) to come down to the altar, *he must come down.*" Phelan also spoke rapturously of his lip having been "purpled with the blood of Christ", meaning of course that when he drank the altar wine, he swallowed the actual blood of Christ.

Now when you teach a negro such monstrous rot as that, *and give him unbridled range over cloistered women*, who have been taught prompt and unconditional obedience to the priest, do you not feel appalled, as you contemplate the logical results?

Archbishop Blenk, whose tirades against General Carranza and President Wilson were so insolently savage, is the prelate who published the following, in his New Orleans paper, The Morning Star, *before* the United States Government began to persecute me:

"Tom Watson, the Southern fanatic and publisher * * * is the strongest and most fearless enemy of the Roman Catholic Church in this country."

THE CHURCH realizing this, *has enlisted THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES, THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, THE HIBERNIANS, and other organizations, TO PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS.*"

Yet the District Attorneys persevere in saying that prosecution is "impersonal."

The Judge told the jury that the Government had nothing to do with the fight between the defendant (Watson) and the Catholic Church.

But it would seem that the Government has a good deal to do with it.

I'm sorry that Uncle Sam couldn't at least be hands off in the fight between Nancy and the bear. "Watchful waiting" appears to be a favorite policy when foreign nations are concerned, and when American citizens are being assassinated, but when the Roman Catholic secret societies order action against Watson, there's action, a plenty.

I understand that the United States Department of Justice intends to have me indicted in a Northern State, and taken out of Georgia for trial.

Why not have me indicted in California, or Alaska, or the Philippine Islands, or the Panama Canal Zone? Our literature circulates in all those regions. If I can be dragged to New Jersey, for mailing our periodicals in Georgia, I can as legally be taken to the remotest territory in which we have subscribers.

It will be a fine day for freedom of the press, when the Government sets the precedent of dragging a publisher out of *the constitutional jurisdiction*, and forcing him into the hot bed of his enemies.

In the case against *The Menace*, the Government properly indicted the Publishing Company, and all the editors and managers.

In the case against the publications of The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., nobody has been prosecuted excepting the man whom Archbishop Blenk threatened, and against whom he said, "*the church has enlisted*" the Federation, the K. of C., the Hibernians, and other organizations.

The Church enlisted the Pope's secret societies, and the Societies enlisted the Government—for what? As Blenk said, "*To put him out of business*'."

Well, Blenk, you haven't done it yet. You and your treasonous secret societies have been doing your d—dest for five years, and you don't seem to have made much progress.

And, now, *the people are aroused, and the national elections are coming on.* Don't you think you may stir up more of a storm than you dreamed of, James Blenk?

You threatened Watson, and didn't accomplish your purpose; and you have threatened the President, with most insulting violence, because he recognized *a foreign government.*

You are getting your cards and your fights mixed, aren't you, Blenk?

Priest Kelly told Secretary Lansing that "the Catholic Church has never been antagonistic to Carranza."

This is what Blenk said of the Mexican hero, in *The Morning Star*:

"The bandit, the cutthroat, the outlaw, the avowed persecutor of the Catholic Church, the robber and despoiler of her santcuaries, schools, convents, and hospitals, the murderer of priests, the leader of vanal hordes whose nameless outrages and indignities to pure, consecrated nuns and defenseless women and children show the vicious darkness of his soul: Venustiano Carranza, whose name must ever stand for all that is blackest and vilest and most degrading in the pages of Mexican history."

Worse, you see, than Huerta who betrayed and murdered his master: worse than the Spanish priests and freebooters who enslaved the Mexican millions, worked and whipped them to death by countless thousands in the mines, lived in sensual luxury on peon labor for centuries; and now hate the very thought of liberty, education, and progress under Carranza.

Blenk further said:

"Mr. Wilson's recognition of Carranza, the avowed enemy of the Catholic Church, is an insult to the Catholics of this country. It is a direct challenge to them, and we hope that not only Catholics, but every true lover of religious freedom, for which the glorious flag of our country stands, will give him such an open answer at the polls as will prove to him that no President of the United States can so flagrantly ignore the lawful and respectful request of 16,000,000 fellow citizens WITHOUT PAYING THE PENALTY.

Five years ago, Blenk and his crew were going to put me out of business at once; and now they menace the President.

With the Government chasing me, at the instance of Blenk & Co.; and Blenk & Co. chasing the President, at the instance of the Pope, the situation promises to make a person cross-eyed to watch it.

What a pity our Constitution does not contain clauses similar to those of the Mexican Constitution of 1857, to-wit:

" 'Article 1. The State and Church are independent of each other. The Congress shall not enact laws establishing or prohibiting any religion.

" 'Article 5. The State can not permit effect to be given to any contract, pact, or agreement having for its object the restraint, the loss, or the irrevocable sacrifice of the liberty of man, whether on account of work, or education, or of religious vows.'

"The law, therefore, does not recognize monastic orders and can not permit their establishment, whatever be the denomination or object for which they are sought to be established. Neither shall any contract be permitted in which a man stipulates for his own proscription or exile.

" 'Article 27. Religious corporations and institutions, of whatever character, denomination, duration, or object, and civil corporations which are under the direction or patronage or administration of the former or of the ministers of any sect, shall have no legal capacity to acquire the ownership of or to administer any other real estate than the buildings which are destined immediately and directly to the service or purpose of such corporations or institutions. Neither shall they acquire or administer funds secured by real estate.'

When you look at the fat face of the negro priest, Dorsey, the following testimonial may be in keeping with your reflections:

Gentlemen: I am very happy to announce to you, on request of His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary to His Holiness, that **the Holy Father has accepted with benevolent pleasure the cour-**

The Picked Army of the Telephone

The whole telephone-using public is interested in the army of telephone employees—what kind of people are they, how are they selected and trained, how are they housed and equipped, and are they well paid and loyal.

Ten billion messages a year are handled by the organization of the Bell System, and the task is entrusted to an army of 160,000 loyal men and women.

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Good wages, an opportunity for advancement and prompt recognition of merit are the rule throughout the Bell System.

An ample reserve fund is set aside for pensions, accident and sick benefits and insurance for employees, both men and women. "Few if any industries," reports the Department of Commerce and Labor, "present so much or such widely distributed, intelligent care for the health and welfare of their women workers as is found among the telephone companies."

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

teous homage of the several liquors of your esteemed firm, and especially of the renowned Fernet-Branca.

I have, therefore, the honor to present to you the expressions of the grateful feeling of His Holiness, who has gently praised, besides the excellence of the products, the filial devotion affirmed by the offerers to the Sovereign Pontiff. Moreover, as a visible sign of His benevolence it has pleased the Holy Father to reward you with a medal bearing His Venerable Image, as a memento, and which is being sent to your address by this mail.

With thorough observance, I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,
MONSIGNOR NICOLA CANALI,
Secretary to His Eminence.

From the Vatican, the 13th of June, 1905.

Messrs. Fratelli Branca,
Milan.

The American correspondent of the Milan wine dealers use the above Papal endorsement as an asset in their liquor business, and I received it in that way. The "Holy Image" referred to appears on the folder, ornately embossed in gilt and purple. What do you think of a God-on-earth handing out aids to liquor dealers?

A WARNING.

Archbishop Ireland, writing in our Sunday Visitor, a Catholic Weekly, has the following to say in the issue of July,25th:

"Jesus of Nazareth, who He is no one must ask, no one must answer. But the Book of Books, that which is the most sublime in beauty, which more than all others has dominated the civilized world, The Bible, shall not be read, nor even seen, it is a book of religion, around which controversies rage. Silence in its regard is the price of peace."

What do the Catholics of Mexico think of the average Mexican and Spanish priest?

The question is answered by Col. E. E. Martinez, delegate to the United States from the Mexican Federation of Labor:

"Mexican workers and the Carranza Government greatly deplore the recent killing by some of Villa's raiders, and see in the attacks the hands of European agents who are trying to discredit the Carranza Administration.

"The Mexicans do not hold President Wilson and Americans in contempt, as is charged, but hold the President and the people in the highest esteem, especially at this time. All the Mexican nation is sorry for this terrible slaughter. I have given warning before that Villa is in the pay of European capitalists who wish to destroy the Carranza Government by bringing about intervention. I am sure that Carranza is going to punish the murderers.

"I want to reply to Cardinal Gibbons's attack on the Wilson Administration, by declaring that the Roman Catholic Church has caused more deaths in Mexico than all the revolutions.

"Cardinal Gibbons ought to try to show a more Christian spirit instead of trying to antagonize the forces working for the freedom of the workers of Mexico. There are no abuses of the Catholic clergy, as Cardinal Gibbons claims. The Mexican Catholics do not want the church government any more. They want schools and an opportunity to better themselves. Cardinal Gibbons does not realize or does not want to understand that it is the Catholics themselves who refuse to longer support the church.

"The Roman Catholic Inquisition k[illed] more people in Mexico than all the revolutions put together. What we want now are temples of labor and culture.

"The organized workers of Mexico appreciate the efforts of the union workers of the United States in behalf of their fight for freedom. The workers are steadily winning. Of course, most of the workers are in the army. It is a working class army supported by the working class. When a man leaves the army he does not go back to a wage of 25 cents a day, as in the old days, but gets a wage of $4 and $5 a day. He turns back all of the wage above the living expenses to buy munitions of war, because every workingman knows that we must win now or lose against the united capitalists of Wall Street and Europe."

Letters from the Plain, Common Folks

A BIBLE PROTESTANT MAGAZINE.
(Illustrated.)
Ford Hendrickson, Editor.
445 Fischer Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir: We are in the midst of a second battle in this city at the present time. Having spent about four months last spring lecturing to thousands in this section of the country who came to the auditorium in Detroit during the meeting, several weeks ago, upon the invitation of the bible christian and patriotic people, we were asked to lead a second Protestant convention in defense of American principles and Bible Christianity.

To accommodate this meeting, the people erected a large tabernacle with a seating capacity of about 2,500, well arranged for the accommodation of the people. We commenced the battle against the devil and the pope, exposing the Jesuitical spirit of the church of Rome, as well as its soul-blighting, immoral theology, and continued with several interruptions, until last night when, under a technical loop in the city ordinances, providing for temporary tabernacles, our doors were closed just a few hours before the delivery of one of our big lectures, illustrating and exposing the damnable black convent system of the church of Rome. However, the people got busy immediately and we again secured our last year's quarters and lectured to a big crowd, boiling with enthusiasm because of conditions.

While our lecture was proceeding in St. Andrew's hall a large mob of from 500 to a thousand Romanists congregated about the tabernacle which is a large, substantial, wooden structure over which floats the American flag and threatened to demolish the building and kill the speaker. The murderers and cut-throats in the crowd attacked certain Protestants in the vicinity and beat them, knocked down several and pounded them up. It is reported to our office this morning that as many as seventy-five were seeking to hammer and bruise one Protestant. We have no report, as yet, from the Police Department.

Tonight and tomorrow, the Lord willing, we will speak in St. Andrew's hall and until such provision is made that will grant us a building permit with the assurance of police protection. While we put in four months last year, tearing down the black theology and the unscriptural teaching of the Church of Rome, we believe that this move on the part of Rome will be as far reaching in awakening the heart of Protestantism in this vicinity as would be accomplished in the delivery of scores of lectures.

Our converts from popery in the last campaign ran into the hundreds and perhaps thousands. As you know, our headquarters have been permanently located in this city. We are here to live, labor and lecture to the end, according to the will of God. We will either be at the tabernacle or one of the largest auditoriums to be secured for at least sixty days. Kindly make this announcement in your paper. In the meantime, we beg to remain,

Yours truly in the cause of American Civil Liberty and Bible Christianity.
FORD HENDRICKSON.

THIS SERIES OF PAMPHLETS

By Thos. E. Watson.

Oath of 4th Degree Knights of Columbus.
Is there a Roman (Catholic) Peril?
The Inevitable Crimes of Celibacy.
What Goes on in the Nunneries?

The Italian Pope's Campaign Against the Constitutional Rights of American Citizens.

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MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC

and of the disastrous results that will follow.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Thomson, Ga.

Book Reviews.

"MONEY TALKS", is the name of a treatise on finance by Eleanor Baldwin, published at Holyoke, Mass., by the Elizabeth Towne Co.

Many years ago while studying the Money Question, I became convinced that the last word had not been said, the last discovery made, nor the last book written, on that most elusive, complicated, comprehensive, and almost inscrutable subject.

Even after having read this splendid and illuminating monograph, it would be difficult—for me, at least—to put into one brief form of words a definition of Money.

Adam Smith appeared to regard it from its purely material, economic point of view: Money, with him, is a medium of exchange, a stimulant to production, the upholder of traders, etc.

But it is something vastly more than that.

Tolstoy saw this; and his story of the enslavement of the Fiji Islanders, by modern finance, is one of the finest things the great Russian ever composed.

He, then, recognized that Money could change a social and political system, **and turn freedom into hopeless servitude.**

The Socialist goes even further, and looks upon Money as the Bludgeon of the employing class, buying up the machinery of modern industrialism, buttressing the wage system, and thus fettering Labor to the endless wheel of dependence.

Here we have three different, but not conflicting conceptions of Money: (1) the tool of trade and the energizer of productiveness; (2) the revolutionizer of social and political life; and (3) the weapon of Capitalism in its perpetual strife with Labor.

But all this does not finish the subject: there remains something yet to be defined, analyzed and weighed.

Money abolishes barter and acts as universal exchange? **Yes.** It changes tribal life and equality of conditions, substituting the financial lord for the tribal chieftain, and putting debtor under the feet of creditor? **Yes.** It enables the rich to command production by owning the means, and by dictating terms to those who must have access to those Means? **Yes.**

Yes. It changes tribal life and equality of conditions, substituting the financial lord for the tribal chieftain, and putting debtor under the feet of creditor? **Yes.** It enables the rich to command production by owning the means, and by dictating terms to those who must have access to those Means? **Yes.**

All that is true, but it is not the whole truth.

Money, as Eleanor Baldwin points out, is to some extent a mere idea, an abstraction, an invisible influence, working by imperceptible methods, but producing, marvelous results, some of them pshycic and undefinable.

Money, without being seen, felt, or even coveted, exerts a tremendous power over men and women.

Rockefeller and you go into a store to buy a hat, and each of you pays the same price; but the clerks wait on **you** as though they were doing you a favor, and on Rockefeller as if he was doing **them** a favor.

Rockefeller is known to be a heartless old scoundrel and hypocrite, while you are known to be an honest man; but when you and he go to town, he in his special car and you in the smoker, is it **you** that editors, preachers, politicians and local magnates meet with effusive adulation?

No, indeed, it's Rockefeller: he's got the **Money.**

Hero worship is a fine thing in its way; and we think better of boys for admiring great men—**but who are the great men?**

"Money talks", and money makes the modern financier great.

See how the aristocrats of Europe, the lords and ladies, the kings and popes used to fawn upon J. Pierpont Morgan, asking him to invest **their** capital.

They didn't expect to get any of **his** money: they did not need it: they prostrated themselves before him, because he was **a great man.**

What made him great? Why, he had studied Money from his youth up; and he knew how to use **one** million to rob others of **ten.**

Out of one railroad in Georgia, he juggled more than ten millions without having invested a dollar: and he got $500.000.000 out of the Steel Trust **by capitalizing the future.**

The $500,000.000 of steel common did not represent any investment whatever: yet it now—after 16 years—earns good dividends.

Here, then, we have another aspect of Money: it usurps the place once held by heroic deeds. It crowns a man, not for nobility of character and achievement, but because of what he **has,** and what he can do with it.

Mere ownership of land, carries no such hypnotism with it: nothing but Money can hold that throne.

When General Grant surrendered his sword to William H. Vanderbilt, I thought the scene was tragic in its painful meaning: the Captain who broke the Southern Confederacy was at the mercy of capitalist,

whose father stayed at home and made Money, while Grant was at the front, leading the Union armies upon Richmond.

Money may consist of bird feathers, if custom in the tribe makes it so. It may consist of transfer of bank credits, if the law of the land makes it so.

Prof. Mahaffy tells us, in his Grecian histories, that empty sacks, when stamped by the Government, answered the demands of commerce, just as well as though they had been filled with gold.

In like manner, counterfeit money never does any harm, until the bankers run it down. Let a million counterfeits circulate with a million genuine notes, and the one will do everything that the other does, so long as no exposure is made.

This is not true of any other bogus, counterfeit article.

Hence, Eleanor Baldwin struck a great truth, when she said that Money is largely an idea, propelled by social force.

T. E. W.

"MONEY TALKS:. In Four Parts", by Eleanor Baldwin, 49 pages, paper bound, price 25 cents. Published by The Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass.

THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG

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What Were the "Dark Ages?"

In history it was the period in which the Roman Catholic religion dominated the world.

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